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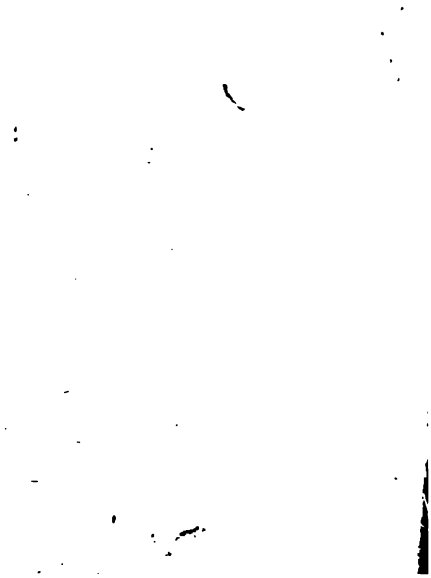

CARMINA EVANGELICA;

OR,

HYMNS,

CHIEFLY COLLECTED

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

By WILLIAM MAURICE.

"*And they ſing the ſong of Moſes,——and the ſong of the Lamb.*"
Rev. xv. 3.

Eternal years my theme ſhall be
That Jeſus liv'd and dy'd for me.

BOLTON,

PRINTED BY J. GARDNER.

M, DCC, XCII.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

TO THE

CHURCH AND CONGREGATION

OF

Independent Proteſtant Diſſenters,

ASSEMBLING IN

DUKE'S ALLEY, BOLTON.

Dear Brethren and Friends,

THE God whom we ſerve and adore, is worthy to have the honours of his name held in eternal remembrance and reverence, and to be praiſed from the riſing of the ſun to the going down thereof. He is great and condeſcending; juſt and merciful; tremendous and lovely; righteous and good; glorious in holineſs; fearful in his praiſes; and wonderful in all his works and ways. Every diſplay of his glorious nature to his creatures, lays them under an obligation to praiſe and adore him who liveth for ever and ever, and in whom they live, move, and have their being: it muſt therefore follow, that our duty to praiſe him, with all the powers of ſoul and body, is coeval with the very firſt dawnings of the knowledge of his greatneſs and worthineſs; and, if there was no other reaſon why we ſhould do it, that alone conſideration

would ſufficiently warrant our lifting up our hearts with our voices, and praiſing our God as long as our exiſtence continues.

But beſides that, in order fully to ſatisfy us as to the duty of ſinging the high praiſes of God, he has intimated it to be his ſovereign pleaſure; and likewiſe left upon record, for our inſtruction and imitation, many perſons, who, at his command, and conſidering it as their great privilege, actually engaged in this delightful employment.

When he gave his ſtatutes to Jacob and his judgments to Iſrael, it was one part of his enjoined worſhip to "praiſe "the name of God with a ſong." Accordingly we find this duty urged, by the writers of the old Teſtament, from the conſideration of its being a command of God, and therefore acceptable as worſhip to him. The ſame is inculcated in the new Teſtament, which correſponds with the old in ſhewing that "praiſe is comely;" that it is proper to "come unto "Sion with ſongs" ſtill; and that, both in public and private, we ought to admoniſh and edify each other by pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; "ſinging and making melody" with grace in our hearts to the Lord. Eph. v. 19. Col. iii. 16.

High and low, rich and poor, not only ſhould praiſe God, but have, where their hearts have been right with him, praiſed his name together in a ſong. When Iſrael ſaw their enemies ſunk as lead into the depths of the ſea, "then ſang "Moſes and the children of Iſrael this ſong unto the Lord" together, "the Lord has triumphed glorioufly," &c. De-

borah, that mother in Iſrael, joined her voice with that of Barak the ſon of Abinoam to praiſe the Lord. The ſon of Jeſſe, that royal and ſweet Pſalmiſt of Iſrael, did not diſdain to lay aſide his ſceptre for his lyre, and, mingling with the thouſands of his ſubjects and fellow-worſhippers, accompany it and them with his voice—diſdain, did I ſay? ſo far from that, it was his glory: and the ſubjects of his ſongs, are the themes that angels glory to ſing. He yet ſings, both in his writings and in heaven, how the right hand of the Lord was exalted in the overthrow of Egypt, and the deliverance of Iſrael; but he ſings likewiſe of "the ſufferings of Chriſt, "and the glory that ſhould follow." His tongue is as "the "pen of a ready writer" to ſpeak the praiſes of King Meſſiah the "Lord of Glory." His oppoſitions, his conqueſts, his triumphs, his liberality, his ſalvation, and his glory were the grandeſt ſubjects that ever ſwelled the moſt ſolemn, ſublime, and affecting of the inimitable Jeſſæan lays. May the ſame ſubjects be often in our mouths, and always in our hearts.

Nor leſs were theſe ſubjects dwelt upon, and this practice attended unto, under the new Teſtament diſpenſation, and from the earlieſt ages of it. Jeſus, the King of kings, and great legiſlator of his church, when he tabernacled upon earth, ſung with his choſen followers previous to his meritorious ſufferings. His diſciples followed the bleſſed practice of their great and adored Maſter, after he was aſcended to heaven from whence he came. Paul and Silas did the ſame, even in a priſon, at midnight; and Paul was careful to perpetuate this noble part of divine worſhip, by enjoining it upon the churches to whom he writes, and through them to all others.

We learn by the teſtimony of a heathen of conſiderable credibility, I mean Pliny, that the ſame practice was continued by the followers of Chriſt in his days, that is, about the year of our Lord 100; nor was there ever a time, that I know of, from that to this, in which it was generally abandoned. Part of the ſubjects, indeed, dwelt upon then in ſinging, have been thrown out with ſovereign contempt by ſome pretendedly very wiſe ſince thoſe days. The Chriſtians in the time of Pliny, he ſays expreſsly, "ſung hymns to Chriſt as though "he were, or, under the idea of his being GOD." * Euſebius, a Chriſtian biſhop, who lived in the time of the emperor Conſtantine, and about the year of our Lord 300, tells us of "certain pſalms and odes, wrote by the faithful brethren "in the firſt age, which celebrate the divinity of the Chriſt "the Word of God." † Some perſons think they ſee better than that now, and therefore abhor ſuch hymns as contain that eternal truth, or any other truths founded thereupon. They are objects of pity. May the eternal Spirit open their eyes to ſee the glories of Jeſus, and grant even unto them alſo ſalvation by his blood. Whatever they may ſay or do, we will ſing hymns to Chriſt as our God; nor need we fear being wrong in ſo doing, while the ranſomed above ſing the ſame eternally.

I do not mean to ſuggeſt that the following hymns are the only ones in which this truth and its concomitants are to be found. There are doubtleſs thouſands more in the world that breathe a kindred ſpirit with them, and it is my ſincere wiſh that there may be millions more of the ſame kind.

* Plinii Epiſt. lib. 10. epiſt. 97.
† Euſeb. Hiſt. Eccles. lib. 5. c. 28.

Plenty of good witneſſes will not diminiſh the goodneſs or juſtice of a cauſe.

Many, in compoſing ſuch hymns, have done worthily in Iſrael; and their memories are bleſſed. The praiſe, particularly of Dr. Watts is deſervedly great in the churches. He ſhines as a ſun among the ſtars; and as long as a juſt taſte for either poetry or evangelic truth remains in the world, he is likely to retain the preference; and it is matter of aſtoniſhment to me that ſuch wretched performances as Sternhold and Hopkins, the Scotch verſion, and others, of the pſalms, ſhould ever be ſung where Watts' is known, as there admits of no compariſon betwixt his and theirs.

With reſpect both to his pſalms and hymns I profeſs myſelf to be among the number of his admirers, and cannot think the works, of this kind, of any individual whatever equal to his; the conſequence of which is, my conſtant uſe of both the pſalms and hymns: but, at the ſame time, I cannot help thinking ſome perſons too ſtrongly prejudiced to them, who, to ſhew their attachment to Watts and his compoſitions, will ſuffer none beſides to be ſung where they have any influence. They muſt either ſuppoſe him to have pſalms and hymns upon every ſubject in the word of God, and the experience of Chriſtians in all ſtates, and theſe repreſented in every proper point of view; or, that the reſt of the hymns, compoſed by others, are not worthy to be introduced into the worſhip of God. But neither of theſe ideas can be ſupported, becauſe they are both equally unjuſt. Have not many miniſters, and others, who chooſe the hymns, often complained that they could meet with no hymn or

pſalm, in Watts' works, which ſuited their ſubject and views of it? and in the judgment of many judicious and worthy perſons, there are, at leaſt, ſome hymns, compoſed by other hands, that may vie with any of his individual pſalms or hymns; ſtill admitting that he ought to have the preference upon the whole: and I verily believe, if he was alive, he would blame the above mentioned conduct, as tending to rob the church of Chriſt of the edification which might be derived from that diverſity of gifts which the Lord himſelf hath given, in his own infinite wiſdom, for a valuable end.

Hence there appears to me a propriety, and a probability of uſefulneſs, in a well-choſen collection of hymns from other authors, eſpecially when uſed as a ſupplement to Watts', and coinciding with him in his views of the Goſpel of Chriſt. A greater variety of metres likewiſe may be introduced, which, if properly uſed, may have a tendency to remedy that inſupportable dulneſs in ſinging the praiſes of our covenant God, which too frequently, in many congregations, renders that delightful part of divine worſhip tedious and burdenſome; and alſo to bring about that deſirable end of engaging whole congregations to join in ſinging, by enlivening it, inſtead of the prepoſterous method of leaving a ſet of ſingers to do that for them all, which God requires from every one himſelf who is capable of it.

This is only a part of the profeſſed deſign of this publication; what ſucceſs beſides may attend it remains with him alone who is able to make all means ſalutary; this however we know, that the topicks dwelt upon in theſe hymns are ſuch as he has always bleſſed; that, in the hand of the ſpirit they

are calculated to awaken ſinners from their ſtate of carnal ſecurity; to lead the weary and heavy laden to reſt in Jeſus; to raiſe the affections from earth to heaven; to rouſe the ſlumbering to activity; to raiſe the fallen; to direct the heart and mind into the love and peace of God; to eſtabliſh, ſtrengthen and comfort believers; and to make our hearts burn within us by the way to our eternal home: and, as this has been the caſe in times of old, why may we not expect the ſame glorious and happy effects? why may we not yet, in an attendance to the ſame means, have a ſhower of grace, and times of refreſhing from the preſence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power?

My heart's deſire, and prayer to God for you is, that the precious opportunities you poſſeſs may be eagerly ſeized by you all, and improved for that eternity to which we are faſt approaching; that you may each know Jeſus as your Redeemer and eternal Friend; that you may taſte the joys of ſin forgiven through his blood, and rejoice in his righteouſneſs imputed to you all the day long; and that, being changed into the image of Jeſus here by the ſpirit, you may at laſt ſit down with the Almighty Saviour on his throne. What are all the vain things which can be had here below, compared to that exceeding great and eternal weight of glory? If we have any juſt grounds to expect it, let us riſe above the world; ſet our affections on things above; gird up the loins of our mind; fight the good fight of faith; and be as men that wait for their Lord's return. Yet a very little while and all our toils, our difficulties, and our ſorrows will be over; and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry. He will

take us to his home, his reſt, his joy. There ſhall we ſing the ſong of Moſes and the Lamb for ever. Then ſhall we join in the general chorus of all the ineffably happy tribes of the redeemed, and ſing, Salvation, and bleſſing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb in the midſt of the throne for ever and ever. Amen. Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus——That this honour and joy may be yours, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your affectionate Paſtor,

W. MAURICE.

BOLTON,
13th September, 1792.

HYMNS.

HYMN I. *Praiſe.* 104th.

I.

YE ſervants of God, your Maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad his wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jeſus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

II.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to ſave;
And ſtill He is nigh, his preſence we have:
The great congregation his triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation to Jeſus our King.

III.

Salvation to God, who ſits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:

Amen, Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus——That
joy may be yours, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your affectionate Paſtor,

W. MAURICE.

ON,
er, 1792.

All the pow'rs of muſic bring,
The muſic of the heart.

III.

Him in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature ſing:
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heav'n on earth ador'd;
Praiſe the Lord in ev'ry breath,
Let all things praiſe the Lord.

III. *Coronation Hymn.* C. M.

I.

ALL hail the pow'rs of Jeſu's name,
Let angels proſtrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

II.

Let high-born ſeraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face who tunes the choir;
And crown Him Lord of all.

III.

Crown Him ye morning ſtars of light
Who fixt this fleeting ball;
Now hail the ſtrength of Iſrael's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

IV.

Crown Him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

V.

Ye ſeed of Iſrael's choſen race,
Ye ranſom'd of the fall;
Hail him who ſav'd you by his grace;
And crown Him Lord of all.

VI.

Crown Him ye heirs of David's line
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
The crowned Lord of all.

VII.

Sinners, whoſe love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

VIII.

Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
That bounds creation's call;
Now ſhout in univerſal ſong,
The crowned Lord of all.

IV. *Redeeming Love.* 7s.

I.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name;
Ye who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

II.

[Ye who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs *Redeeming Love!*]

III.

Mourning ſouls dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love!*

IV.

[Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,

o fixt this fleeting ...
ail the ſtrength of Iſrael's migh
d crown Him Lord of all.

IV.

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Who from the altar call;
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VI.

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Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
The crowned Lord of all.

VII.

Sinners, whoſe love can ne'er for
The wormwood and the gall,
... trophies at his f

II.

I'd ſing, how he left his own palace of light,
With robes made of glory, that dreſt him above:
Yet pleas'd with his journey, and ſwift was his flight;
For he fled on the pinions of infinite love.

III.

All hell and it's lions ſtood roaring around,
His fleſh and his Spirit with malice they tore;
While whole worlds of ſorrow lay preſſing him down,
As vaſt as the burden of guilt which he bore.

IV.

Then mention no more of the wrath of a God!
Of the lions of hell, and their roaring, no more!
We lift up our eyes to His ſhining abode,
And our loudeſt hoſannahs his name ſhall adore.

V.

We crown the Triumpher, with th' honours he won:
Hoſannah, through all the celeſtial groves!
The God and the man, how he fills up his throne!
How he ſits, how he ſhines, how he looks, how he loves!

ıg brought him from above,
ıg but *Redeeming Love!*

VI.

›du'd th' infernal pow'rs,
:mendous foes and ours,
their curſed empire drove,
y in *Redeeming Love!*

VII.

r then your muſic bring,
aloud each joyful ſtring;
ls join the hoſts above,
o praiſe *Redeeming Love!*

Praiſe to the Almighty Saviour.

I.

›ng for a concert of heavenly praiſ
› Jeſus the God, the omnipotent Sc
›ice ſhould awake in harmonious la

No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have;
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

III.

Jeſus! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

IV.

His name the ſinner hears,
And is from guilt ſet free:
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

VII. *God praiſed by Univerſal Nature.* C.M.D.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choir,
That fill the realms above:
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love:

Shine to his praiſe ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

II.

Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays:
Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud,
Through all th' ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

III.

Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.
Thunder, and hail, and fire, and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

IV.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow:
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough:

Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals catch the ſound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

VII. *God glorious, and Sinners ſaved.* C. M.

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands through the ſkies!

II.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

III.

But when we view thy great deſign,
To ſave rebellious worms:
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

IV.

Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs,

Which of the glories brighteſt ſhine,
The juſtice, or the grace.

V.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

VI.

O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

IX. *Jeſus adored.* L. M.

I.

WORTHY the Lamb of boundleſs ſway,
In earth and heav'n the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs obey,
And low before his footſtool fall.

II.

The deed was done, the Lamb was ſlain,
The groaning earth the burden bore:
He roſe! he lives! he lives to reign;
Nor time ſhall ſhake his endleſs pow'r.

III.

Whate'er is rich, whate'er is great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring,
Pour the gay ſtores before his ſeat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

IV.

Wiſdom and ſtrength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-ſtone, ſhouting grace,
Honour has rais'd his lofty throne,
And glory's ſeated on his face.

V.

From heav'n, from earth, loud burſting praiſe
The mighty bleſſings ſhall proclaim;
Bleſſings that men to glory raiſe,
To ſhout the triumphs of the Lamb.

VI.

Higher, ſtill higher, ſwell the ſtrain,
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The Lamb ſhall ever, ever reign!
Let hallelujahs crown the ſong!

X. *The Coronation of Chriſt.* P. M.

I.

SHALL loyal nations hail the day
That crowns their King, with loud acclaim?

And ſhall not ſaints their homage pay
To their beloved Saviour's name?
Ye ſaints reſound in joyful ſtrains,
Jeſus the King of glory reigns!

II.

Jeſus who vanquiſh'd all your foes,
Who came to ſave, who reigns to bleſs;
From him your ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Reſound, reſound, in joyful ſtrains,
Jeſus the King of Glory reigns!

III.

Yes, thou art worthy, deareſt Lord,
Of univerſal, endleſs praiſe;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raiſe.
Let heav'n and earth unite their ſtrains,
Jeſus the King of Glory reigns!

IV.

But earth nor heav'n can e'er proclaim
The boundleſs glories of their King;
Yet muſt our hearts adore his name,
Dear name, whence all our bleſſings ſpring!
Reſound, reſound in joyful ſtrains,
Jeſus the King of Glory reigns!

V.

How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue!
But, Lord, thy coronation-day
Shall tune a more exalted ſong,
Reſounding in immortal ſtrains,
Jeſus the King of glory reigns!

VI.

He comes! he comes! with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd,
Faith views the ſplendour dawning round,
Earth's faireſt luſtre ſinks in ſhade.
Reſound, reſound in joyful ſtrains,
Jeſus the King of Glory reigns!

XI. *Praiſe to the God of Abraham.* P. M.

1.

THE God of Abr'ham praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heav'n confeſt;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

II.

The God of Abr'ham praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r:
And Him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

III.

The God of Abr'ham praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And He ſhall ſave me to the end,
Through Jeſu's blood.

IV.

He by Himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his pow'r adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

XII. *Chriſt the Steward of God's family.* L.M.

I.

WITH what delight I raiſe my eyes,
And view the courts where Jeſus dwells!
Jeſus, who reigns beyond the ſkies,
And here below his grace reveals.

II.

Of David's royal houſe the key
Is borne by that majeſtic hand;
Manſions and treaſures there I ſee
Subjected all to his command.

III.

He ſhuts, and worlds might ſtrive in vain
The mighty obſtacle to move;
He looſes all their bars again,
And who ſhall ſhut the gates of love?

IV.

Fix'd in omnipotence he bears
The glories of his Father's name,
Suſtains his people's weighty cares,
Through ev'ry changing age the ſame.

V.

My little all I there ſuſpend,
Where the whole weight of heav'n is hung:
Secure I reſt on ſuch a friend,
And into raptures wake my tongue.

XIII. *God glorious, tremendous, and gracious.* 7s.

I.

O'ER the bleſt etherial plains,
Seats of love and endleſs peace,
Girt with might Jehovah reigns;
Fountain pure of happineſs!

II.

Propt on pillars of his pow'r,
Worlds, with all their maſſy weight,
Hanging reſt on Him ſecure,
Auguſt arbiter of fate.

III.

Down where horror clad in night,
Broods o'er dire infernal plains,
He the true eſſential light,
In vindictive juſtice reigns.

IV.

Praiſe him then ye radiant bands,
In your nobleſt ſtrains of love,
Who fulfilling his commands,
Round his bright effulgence move.

V.

You, the neareſt to his throne,
Chant that love you long to know:
Vivid orbs your muſic join,
Sing his praiſe with brighteſt glow!

VI.

Gloomy plains of living death,
Fraught with woes that never ceaſe;
With your baneful blaſted breath,
Own ſubmiſs his juſt decrees.

VII.

Chiefly you whoſe flagrant guilt,
Had incurr'd his vengeful ire,
Till th' atoning blood was ſpilt,
To redeem your ſouls from fire.

VIII.

Warbling through the vaſt expanſe,
To his throne your voices raiſe,
'Till the ſacred reſonance,
Fill infinitude with praiſe.

XIV. *Chriſt only the eternal Life.* L. M.

I.

WHERE ſhall the tribes of Adam find
The ſov'reign Good to fill the mind?
Ye ſons of moral wiſdom, ſhow
The ſpring whence living waters flow.

II.

Say, will the ſtoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?

Could Plato find theſe bliſful ſtreams,
Amongſt his raptures and his dreams?

LII.

In vain I aſk; for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief ſhe gave
Againſt the terrors of the grave.

IV.

Jeſus, our kinſman, and our God,
Array'd in majeſty and blood,
Thou art our life; our ſouls in thee
Poſſeſs a full felicity.

V.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In Thee, our Surety and our Head;
Thy croſs, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

VI.

Let atheiſts ſcoff, and Jews blaſpheme
Th' eternal life, and Jeſu's name;
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

VII.

But let my ſoul for ever lie
Beneath the bleſſings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To ſee thy face, to taſte thy love.

XV. *Invitation to praiſe.* S. M.

I.

AWAKE, and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's name.

II.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r:
Sing how he intercedes above
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

III.

Sing, till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

IV.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Chriſt, th' eternal King.

V.

Soon ſhall ye hear Him ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

aſk; for nature
out to this mortal hour:
t a poor relief ſhe gave
he terrors of the grave.

IV.

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in majeſty and blood,
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a full felicity.

V.

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ig with glories yet unknown.

VI.

theiſts ſcoff, and Jews blaſpheme
eternal life, and Jeſu's name;
ord of his almighty breath
oms the rebellious world to death.

VII.

ſoul for ever lie

So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer, that hangs upon Him?

II.

How happy the man whoſe heart is ſet free;
The people that can be joyful in Thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And ſtill they are talking of Jeſus's grace.

III.

Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name,
They ſhall as their right, thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of God.

IV.

For thou art their boaſt, their glory and pow'r,
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation that lifts up my head.

V.

Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of Thine own,
Thy ſecret to me ſhall ſoon be made known;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

nations, bow with [illegible]
t the Lord is God alone;
create, and He deſtroy.

II.

eign pow'r without our aid,
us of clay, and form'd us men;
en like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
rought us to his fold again.

III.

crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
h as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
ill fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

IV.

e as the world is thy command,
aſt as eternity thy love;
as a rock thy truth MUST ſtand;
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

[illegible] 104th.

XIX. *The Love of Chriſt adored.* 7s.

I.

NOW prepare your hearts to ſing
Glory to our God and King;
Now a ſhout of triumph raiſe,
Fill the heav'ns with Jeſus' praiſe.

II.

Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Loud his wondrous love proclaim:
He for ſinners freely dy'd!
Was for ſinners crucify'd!

III.

Now may doubts and fears be o'er,
We diſtruſt his grace no more;
Full aſſurance may we prove,
Settled in the Saviour's love.

IV.

In our Jeſu's arms ſecure
To the end may we endure!
Join with us, ye angels join,
Praiſe his name in hymns divine.

V.

Earth below and heav'n above
Wonder at his boundleſs love;
All admire his grace and pow'r,
Bleſs the Lord for evermore.

In Jeſus's pow[illegible]
glad exultation your triumph[illegible]
bing ſalvation to God and the Lamb

II.

ou, Lord, our relief in trouble haſt be
ſt ſav'd us from grief, haſt ſav'd us from
e pow'r of thy Spirit can ſet our hearts
nd we ſhall inherit all fulneſs in thee.

III.

ll fulneſs of peace, all fulneſs of joy,
nd ſpiritual bliſs that never can cloy
o us it is given in Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heav'n, a heav'n below

IV.

No more we comply while ſinners inv
Nor wiſh to come nigh their ſource o
Their joy is all ſadneſs, their mirth i
Their laughter is madneſs, their
pain.

V.

[illegible] with ſorrow ret

XXI. *Chriſt the great Melchiſedec.* C. M. D.

I.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee:
No muſic, like thy lovely name,
Does ſound ſo ſweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us ſpeak!
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec!

II.

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Jeſus be our ſong.

XXII. *The Jubilee.* P. M.

I.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound;

tol the Lamb of God,
The great-atoning Lamb!
demption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
e year of jubilee is come;
turn, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

III.

who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above,
all have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love;
e year of jubilee is come;
turn, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

IV.

ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
id ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live;
ie year of jubilee is come;
turn, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

V.

The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home.

XXIII. *Praiſe to Chriſt.* 7s.

I.

BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
Jeſus Chriſt our joy and peace:
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at God's right-hand in heav'n!

II.

Maſter, ſee, to Thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only Thou,
Thou, the bleſſed Virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church and head.

III.

Thee, the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee, we praiſe our Prieſt and King;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace!

aſt off deſpair, there yet is room.

IV.

ompell'd by bleeding love,
e wand'ring ſheep draw near,
hriſt calls you from above,
is charming accents hear!
et whoſoever will, now come;
i mercy's breaſt there yet is room.

XXVI. *Redeeming Grace.* L.

I.

HARK! in the wilderneſs a cry!
It ſhakes the mountains, ren
earth;
he King appears, behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!

II.

in to and fro, ye heralds run.

Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, ſin-ſick ſouls.

IV.

Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

XXV. *Invitation.* P. M.

I.

YE dying ſons of men,
Immerg'd in ſin and woe,
The Goſpel's voice attend
While Jeſus ſends to you:
Ye periſhing and guilty, come,
In Jeſu's arms there yet is room.

II.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuſes frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, ſinner, come,
For ev'ry trembling ſoul there's room.

III.

Believe the heav'nly word
His meſſengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is his name.
Backſliding ſouls return and come,
Caſt off deſpair, there yet is room.

IV.

Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring ſheep draw near,
Chriſt calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whoſoever will, now come;
In mercy's breaſt there yet is room.

XXVI. *Redeeming Grace.* L. M.

I.

HARK! in the wilderneſs a cry!
It ſhakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!

II.

Run to and fro, ye heralds run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!

Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who His potent arm ſhall ſtay?

III.

Make ſtrait the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obſtacle remove;
Drop down ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before Redeeming Love.

IV.

Then ſhall the lowly valley riſe,
Its budding honours ſpring to view;
Swift the Creating Fiat flies,
And all is bliſsful, all is new.

V.

Know'ſt thou the meaning, nature's child?
Know'ſt thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the deſart waſte and wild;
But lo, the kind Reclaimer's nigh.

VI.

Mountains of unbelief and ſin,
Before him crumble into duſt;
Thy humbled heart ſhall then begin
His all-reſtoring hand to truſt.

VII.

By him exalted, know thy ſtate,
A garden rich in fruit and flower;
Thy gracious Maſter's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of Redeeming Power.

XXVII *Invitation to the Saviour.* P. M.

I.

SWEET as the ſhepherd's tuneful reed
From Sion's mount I heard the ſound;
Gay ſprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature ſmil'd around;
The voice of peace ſalutes mine ear;
Chriſt's lovely voice perfumes the air.

II.

Peace, troubled ſoul, whoſe plaintive moan
Hath taught theſe rocks the note of woe;
Ceaſe thy complaint, ſuppreſs thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, the precious balm is found,
Which eaſes pain, which heals thy wound.

III.

Come, freely come, by ſin oppreſt,
Unburthen here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge, and thy reſt,
Safe on the boſom of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour! Glorious word!
That ſheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring ſword.

IV.

As ſpring the winter, day the night,
Peace, ſorrow's gloom ſhall chace away;
And ſmiling joy, a ſeraph bright,

Shall tend thy ſteps, and near thee ſtay:
Whilſt glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

XXVIII. *Goſpel Invitation.* C. M.

I.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the goſpel found;
Suited to every ſinners caſe,
Who knows the joyful ſound.

II.

Poor, ſinful, thirſty, fainting ſouls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

III.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds;
A deep, celeſtial ſpring.

IV.

This ſpring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;

III.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart
Where love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart
That trembles at his feet.

IV.

In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

V.

O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

VI.

There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand, thouſand ſouls rejoice
In one ſtrain numberleſs

All the fitneſs he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's riſing beam.

IV.

Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other truſt intrude;
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

V.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

XXX. *Invitation to the Goſpel Feaſt.* C. M.

I.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore
For ev'ry welcome gueſt.

II.

See Jeſus ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room.

III.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
Where love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart
That trembles at his feet.

IV.

In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

V.

O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

VI.

There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand, thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In extaſies unknown.

VII.

And yet ten thouſand, thouſand more
Are welcome ſtill to come;
Ye longing ſouls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room!

XXXI. *Seeking the aſſiſtance of the Spirit.* C. M.

I.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting family inſpire
With joy, and peace, and love.

II.

Wake heav'nly Wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

III.

Touch with a living coal, the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word,
And bid each waiting hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

IV.

Furniſh us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in wiſdom's ways;
So ſhall the benefit be ours,
And thou ſhalt have the praiſe.

XXXII. *Influence of the Spirit implored.* P. M.

I.

ETERNAL Spirit, ſource of light,
Enliv'ning, conſecrating fire,
Deſcend, and with celeſtial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inſpire;
Our ſouls refine, our droſs conſume!
Come, condeſcending Spirit, come!

II.

In our cold breaſts, O ſtrike a ſpark
Of the pure flame which ſeraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and ſtupid ſtill;
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy conſtant home!

III.

Let pure devotion's fervours riſe!
Let ev'ry pious paſſion glow!

O let the raptures of the ſkies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condeſcending Spirit, come,
And make our ſouls thy conſtant home!

XXXIII. *To the Holy Ghoſt.* S. M.

I.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams ariſe:
Diſpel the ſorrow from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

II.

Cheer our deſponding hearts
With viſitations ſweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

III.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flame
Of never-dying love.

IV.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſu's blood;

To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

XXXVI. *For a Bleſſing on the Goſpel*

I.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divi
Deign upon thy truth to ſhine;
Lord, behold thy ſervant ſtands;
Lo! to Thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his ſoul's deſire;
Touch his lip with holy fire.

II.

Softly fall the healing ſound,
Like the dew-drop on the ground;
Drooping plants ſhall ſoon revive;
Faith in bud begin to live,
And enlarg'd ſhall ſoon diſcloſe

III.

Bleſſed Lord, be Thou our teacher,
Helper, counſellor, and guide;
Speak the promiſe through the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.

IV.

Vain is learning, parts, or merit,
Vain the native pow'rs of man;
Jeſus! ſend thy Holy Spirit,
So diſplay the Goſpel plan.

XXXV. *The ſame.* C. M.

I.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our hearts inſpire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

II.

Come, Holy Ghoſt, for mov'd by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and ſpoke;
Unlock the truth (Thyſelf the key!)
Unſeal the ſacred book:

III.

Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;

Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a bleſſing Thou beſtow;

IV.

Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

V.

Comfort thoſe that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe who are caſt down, lift up,
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope.

VI.

Grant that thoſe who ſeek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

III.

In thy pure and holy way,
Heights, and greater heights diſplay;
So that whilſt our race we run,
We may think it but begun;
Nor the paſt contemplate more
Urgent ſtill on what's before.

IV.

Ope thy treaſures! ſo ſhall fall
Unction ſweet on him, on all,
Till by odours ſcatter'd round,
Chriſt Himſelf be trac'd and found;
Then ſhall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace, and joy depart.

XXXVII. *For a Bleſſing on Public Worſhip.* 7s.

I.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our ſuit diſdain;
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?

II.

Lord, on Thee our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend;

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

III.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek Thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a bleſſing Thou beſtow;

IV.

Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

V.

Comfort thoſe that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe who are caſt down, lift up,
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope.

VI.

Grant that thoſe who ſeek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

XXXVIII. *To the Bleſſed Spirit.* 7s.

I.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me ſhine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

II.

Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd ſinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Waſh me in his precious blood.

III.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal ſalvation on my heart:
Breathe Thyſelf into my breaſt,
Earneſt of immortal reſt.

IV.

Let me never from Thee ſtray;
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my ſoul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

Peace unſpeakable, unknown,
By his pain he gives you eaſe,
Life by his expiring groan:
Riſe exalted by his fall;
Find in Chriſt your all in all.

III.

O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath giv'n,
Then ye will be happy too,
Live on earth the life of heav'n!
Live the life of heav'n above,
All the life of glorious love.

IV.

This the univerſal bliſs,
Bliſs for weary ſouls deſign'd,
God's eternal promiſe this,
God's great gift to loſt mankind.
Now to Chriſt this moment flee,
Bleſt to all eternity!

When we within thy courts appear,
May we digeſt the truths we hear.

III.

May we the joyful tidings hear,
With holy love, and godly fear;
And credit to the Goſpel give,
As that bleſt word by which we live.

IV.

Thy ſov'reign pow'r, O God, impart,
And write thy law upon our heart;
Wiſdom divine on us beſtow,
And may we practice what we know.

V.

Preacher and people then ſhall raiſe,
United ſongs of grateful praiſe,
'Till both at length ſhall mount above,
To triumph in redeeming love.

XLI. *Invitation to the Weary.* 7s.

I.

WEARY ſouls, who wander wide
From the central point of bliſs,
Turn to Jeſus crucify'd,
Fly to thoſe dear wounds of his;

And the diffuſive rain,
To heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Its ſecret ſtore.

II.

Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys ſhine,
And man and beaſt is fed
By providence divine;
The harveſt bows
Its golden ears,
The copious ſeed
Of future years.

III.

"So," ſaith the God of grace,
"My goſpel ſhall deſcend,
"Almighty to effect

XLII. *Come, for all Things are ready.* L. M.

I.

SINNERS obey the goſpel-word,
Haſte to the ſupper of your Lord;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away:

II.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late-returning ſon;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

III.

Ready the Spirit of his love,
The harden'd, ſtony heart to move;
T' apply and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh and ſeal you ſons of God.

IV.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

V.

Come then, ye ſinners, to the Lord,
To happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd;
His purchas'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel-grace.

XLIII. *The Succeſs of the Goſpel.* P. M.

I.

MARK the ſoft-falling ſnow,
And the diffuſive rain,
To heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Its ſecret ſtore.

II.

Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys ſhine,
And man and beaſt is fed
By providence divine;
The harveſt bows
Its golden ears,
The copious ſeed
Of future years.

III.

"So," ſaith the God of grace,
"My goſpel ſhall deſcend,
"Almighty to effect
"The purpoſe I intend;
"Millions of ſouls
"Shall feel its pow'r,

" And bear it down
" To millions more.

IV.

" Joy ſhall begin your march,
" And peace protect your ways,
" While all the mountains round
" Echo melodious praiſe;
" The vocal groves
" Shall ſing the God,
" And ev'ry tree
" Conſenting nod."

XLIV. *Succeſs to the Goſpel deſired.* C. M.

I.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy preſence feel,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone!

II.

Send down thy Spirit from above
That ſaints may love thee more;
And ſinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

III.

And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worſhip here,
And praiſe thee in our room.

XLV. *Before Sermon.* P. M.

I.

O JESUS, now we humbly pray,
Be gracions to thy church to-day,
Thy ſaving health impart;
The dew of heav'n on us diſtil,
With love each empty veſſel fill,
And cheer the drooping heart.

II.

Cut ev'ry cord that binds us here,
Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear,
Give each a ſingle heart;
Give grace to tread down ſelf and ſin,
Give grace eternal life to win,
E'er we from hence depart.

XLVI. *Prayer.* S. M.

I.

THIS duty God requires,
That men ſhould ſeek his face,
And offer up their warm deſires
Before his throne of grace.

II.

This privilege he grants
His ſaints below the ſky,
That they ſhould tell him all their wants,
And Abba, Father, cry.

III.

He lends a gracious ear,
And in the trying hour,
He makes his matchleſs love appear,
And magnifies his pow'r.

IV.

Let needy ſinners pray,
Nor from his throne depart;
His mercy will not long delay
To heal the broken heart.

V.

Since Jeſus pleads above,
The God of grace will hear,

XLV. *Before Sermon.* P. M.

I.

O JESUS, now we humbly pray,
Be gracions to thy church to-day,
Thy ſaving health impart;
The dew of heav'n on us diſtil,
With love each empty veſſel fill,
And cheer the drooping heart.

II.

Cut ev'ry cord that binds us here,
Js from our ev'ry hind'rance tear,
Give each a ſingle heart;
Give grace to tread down ſelf and ſin,
Give grace eternal life to win,
E'er we from hence depart.

In all their pow'r impreſs;
e me to feel their ſolemn weight,
tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs!

IV.

ore me place, in dread array,
: pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come
judge the nations at thy bar;
l tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

V.

his my one great buſineſs here,
th ſerious induſtry and fear
My future bliſs t' inſure!
r holy counſel to fulfil,
ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

VI.

en, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
nſported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
ere faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
d hope in full ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

I feel, alas! that I am dead
In treſpaſſes and ſins.

II.

Ah, whither ſhall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims deſtruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

III.

When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But ſure a friendly whiſper ſays,
"*Flee from the wrath to come.*"

IV.

I ſee, or think I ſee,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that ſhines for me,
To ſave me from deſpair.

V.

Fore-runner of the ſun,
It marks the pilgrim's way:

XLIX. *A Sinner's Prayer.* P. M.

I.

GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

II.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

III.

Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners I:
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee;

Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

L. *Pleading with God for mercy.* P. M.

I.

RIGHTEOUS art thou, O God, yet let me plead,
Permit the vileſt of the fallen race,
To tell his ſin, and bow his guilty head,
Before thy mercy-ſeat, thy throne of grace.

II.

As numerous as the ſtars, or countleſs ſands,
My faults, backſlidings, and tranſgreſſions are;
Yet look upon my Saviour's bleeding hands,
My pardon, Lord, my pardon's written there.

III.

Bring not in judgment me, nor call to mind,
Nor in the balances my doings weigh:
But let me refuge in my Saviour find,
And hide me in him at the awful day!

IV.

I bluſh as I approach thee, and confeſs
My wicked life, my ſhame, and nakedneſs:

know a poorer ſinner than I am,
Ne'er aſk'd for mercy, or implor'd thy name.

V.

Yet vile and filthy as I am I come,
Thy gracious Spirit ſaith, "There ſtill is "room,"
Thro' all my guilt I make this pow'rful plea,
Our Saviour dy'd to ranſom ſuch as me.

VI.

This makes me hope, yet makes my ſhame increaſe,
How could I grieve ſuch love, or friend like this?
O cover all my ſins in thy long veſt,
I part confeſs, Lord cover all the reſt.

LI. *Diſtance from God.* C. M.

I.

O THOU, whoſe tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From ſorrow's weeping eye:

II.

See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn!

Thyſelf haſt bid me ſeek thy face;
Thyſelf haſt ſaid, Return.

III.

And ſhall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Thy word of promiſe cannot fail,
My tow'r of ſafe retreat.

IV.

Abſent from Thee, my guide, my light
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy ni
How deſolate my way!

V.

O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy Spirit's voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

LII. *The Reſolution.* P. M.

I.

SAVIOUR, canſt thou love a traitor
Canſt thou love a child of wrath
Can a hell-deſerving creature
Be the purchaſe of thy death?

II.

s thy blood ſo efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
s thy ſacrifice ſo precious,
As to free me from my ſin?

III.

Sin on ev'ry hand ſurrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Oh! my grief I cannot bear:

IV.

Here then is my reſolution,
At thy deareſt feet to fall;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

V.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canſt, to wretched me;
Lay aſide thy love and pity,
If thou canſt, and let me die.

VI.

If I meet with condemnation,
Juſtly I deſerve the ſame;
If I meet with free ſalvation,
I will magnify thy name.

Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace reſtor'd,
On me be all long-ſuff'ring ſhown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone!

II.

Saviour! Prince! enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give me what I've long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown—
Turn, &c.

III.

See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die:
Life, and happineſs, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let th[illegible]

LIV. *Holy reaſoning.* P. M.

I.

JESUS, Friend of ſinners, hear
A feeble creature pray:
From my debt of ſin ſet clear
For I have nought to pay.
Speak, O ſpeak my kind releaſe;
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me weep no more.

II.

Though my ſins as mountains riſe,
And ſwell, and reach to heav'n,
Mercy is above the ſkies,
And I ſhall ſtand forgiv'n:
Mighty is my guilt's increaſe,
But greater is thy mercy's ſtore!
Love me freely, &c.

III.

From th' oppreſſive ſenſe of ſin
My ſtruggling ſpirit free:
Blood and righteouſneſs divine
Can reſcue even *me!*
Holy Spirit ſhed thy grace,
And let me feel the ſoft'ning ſhow'r:

LV. *In diſtreſs of Soul.* P.

I.

JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my ſoul at laſt!

II.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on Thee;
Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my truſt on Thee is ſtay'd,
All mine help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhad[illegible]

Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind.
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs:
Vile and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

IV.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin;
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity.

LVI. *Wreſtling Jacob.* 7s.

I.

NAY, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a bleſſing Thou beſtow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, preſſing caſe.

III.

Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

IV.

Once a ſinner near deſpair,
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

V.

Many years have paſs'd ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?

VI.

Thou haſt help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt Thou let me [illegible]

VII.

muſt maintain my hold,
/ goodneſs makes me bold;
o denial take,
I plead for Jeſu's ſake.

VII. *The broken Heart.* S. M.

I.

ESCEND my gracious God,
And to me now impart
recious bleſſing, bought with blood,
:w, and *broken heart.*

II.

ɔ Thee I wander, Lord,
ch cauſes me much ſmart;
n me by thy pow'rful word,
give a *broken heart.*

III.

nourn my follies done,
better act my part;
upon me, through thy Son,
:w, a *broken heart.*

v.

O come unto my ſoul,
And never more depart:
Lord, condeſcend to make me whole,
And heal my *broken heart.*

LVIII. *The Influences of the Spirit deſi*
L. M.

1.

UP to Thy ſeat, eternal God,
Now would mine ardent paſſions ſo
'ain would I view thy bright abode,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

II.

pirit of peace, immortal dove,
Here let thy gentle influence reign;
ome fill my ſoul with heav'nly love,
And all the graces of thy train

III.

ſcend with all thy ſacred light,
Thine active zeal, thy joy ſincere,
nd hope, in radiant glories bright,
Deſcend, and make thy dwelling here.

IV.

ot all the ſweets beneath the ſky;
Not corn, nor oil, nor richeſt wine;
ould raiſe my tuneful ſongs ſo high,
Or yield me pleaſures ſo divine.

V.

leſt with thy preſence I could meet
Death, though in all its terrors dreſt;
or while I taſte a joy ſo ſweet,
One fear diſturb my peaceful breaſt.

VI.

ome then—or bid my longing ſoul
To thoſe celeſtial manſions ſoar,
Vhere endleſs years of pleaſure roll,
Nor ſhall I mourn thine abſence more.

LIX. *Waiting upon God.* L. M.

I.

THOU loving Jeſus, deareſt Lord,
Ador'd by all the hoſts above;

Whoſe favours endleſs joys afford,
And fill the mind with peace and love.

II.

In pity to my ſoul deſcend
And chaſe theſe heavy glooms away:
O let thy glories, heav'nly friend,
Pour on my ſoul a brighter day.

III.

So ſhall I better ſee the way
Which leads to happineſs and Thee;
And walk enlight'ned by Thy ray,
Till I attain felicity.

IV.

There, where the bleſt, unnumber'd throng,
From earth redeem'd by precious blood,
Proclaim thy love in ſweeteſt ſong,
And praiſe Thee as their Sov'reign Good,

V.

I'd ſpend a long eternity,
From ſin and melancholy free;
And with increaſing pleaſure ſing,
Th' unbounded glories of my King.

LX. *For a renewed Heart.* P. M.

I.

OH Lord, how faithleſs is my heart,
How very apt from Thee to ſtray!
Juſt like a broken bow I ſtart,
And nature ſtrives to bear the ſway:
Was ever one ſo vile, yet bleſs'd;
So foul, yet by the Lord careſs'd!

II.

Forbid, my Lord, each vain deſire,
And bind my paſſions to thy croſs;
Quench all the ſparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loſs:
Lord Jeſus, tear each idol down,
And ſtabliſh in my heart thy throne.

III.

Grace, grace ſhall wipe away my tears,
And ſpeak the tempeſt to a calm;
Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
And prove a never-failing balm:
The maladies of ſin remove,
And fill my ſoul with holy love.

IV.

Henceforth I'd ſerve Thee, if Thou'lt pleaſe
To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r;
I'd ſing the glories of thy grace,

I.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One;
s by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done!
raiſe by all to Thee be giv'n,
lorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

II.

ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
ll mine actions ſanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive;
laim me for thy ſervice—claim
ll I have, and all I am!

III.

ake my ſoul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
ll my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,

IV.

ıther, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One!
s by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done.
raiſe by all to Thee be giv'n,
lorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

LXII. *Love divine.* P. M.

I.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
ïx in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
eſus, Thou art all compaſſion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
/iſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

II.

3reathe, O breathe thy loving ſpirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt:
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt:
Take away the love of ſinning;
Alpha and Omega be;

Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always bleſſing;
Serve Thee, as thy hoſts above;
Pray and praiſe Thee without ceaſing;
Glory in thy dying love.

IV.

Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us ſee our whole ſalvation
Perfectly ſecur'd by Thee:
Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we caſt our crowns before Thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

LXIII. *Looking to the Deliverer.* P.

I.

GOD of mercy and [illegible]

Hear a mournful broken ſpirit,
Proſtrate at thy feet complain;
Many are my foes, and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none;
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy bleſſed Self alone.

II.

Saviour, look on thy beloved;
Triumph over all my foes;
Turn to heav'nly joy my mourning;
Turn to gladneſs all my woes:
Live, or die, or work, or ſuffer,
Let my weary ſoul abide,
In all changes whatſoever,
Sure and ſtedfaſt by thy ſide.

III.

When temptations fierce aſſault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin and guilt, and death and Satan,
All againſt my ſoul combin'd;
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteouſneſs, divine atonement,
Peace, and everlaſting love.

... causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

II.

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

III.

Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

IV.

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

V.

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin ...

VI.

Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin, a grief, and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

VII.

Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

VIII.

Lord, decide the doubtful caſe;
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace.
If it be indeed begun.

IX.

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

LXV. *The Ranſom.* P. M.

I.

SAY, where's thy hope? thou ſinner, ſay,
Look ev'ry where, and aſk around;

Who all the mighty debt can pay;
Can a fit ranſom e'er be found?
Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
The Lamb for me had ſuffer'd death!

II.

Far, far away, muſt Satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain:
For Jeſus, when He deign'd to die,
My bondage broke, and burſt my chain;
And conqu'ror in the dreadful fight,
My ſoul from thence becomes his right.

III.

Take Thou poſſeſſion of my heart,
Jeſu, and make me live to Thee;
With Thee let nothing claim a part,
But Thou my All for ever be!
And give me, with thy ſaints above,
All joy in Thee, Thou God of love!

LXVI. *Chriſt all in all.* 7s.

I.

GENTLE Jeſus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, ſpirit, ſoul,
Only Thou poſſeſs the whole.

II.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me chuſe the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

III.

Fairer than the ſons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliſs,
Stoop to creature happineſs!

IV.

Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I'd wiſh to know:
Whom have I, in heav'n, but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

V.

All my treaſure is above,
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unſearchable!

VI.

Nothing elſe may I require;
Let me Thee alone deſire:
Pleas'd with what thy love provides;
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

Life, health, and comfort to thy wil
And make thy pleaſure mine.

II.

Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy comm
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

III.

No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to Thee;
Who never haſt a good with-held,
Or wilt with-hold from me.

IV.

Thy favour, all my journey throug
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

V.

Wiſdom and mercy guide my way,

II.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne!

LXX. *Mercy.* 11s.

I.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my ſong,
The joy of my heart, and the boaſt of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the firſt to the laſt,
Has won my affections, and bound my ſoul faſt.

II.

Without thy ſweet mercy, I could not live here;
Sin ſoon would reduce me to utter deſpair;

As my Guide, my Guard, my Frien
Lead me to my journey's end.

VI.

Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my ſtrength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

LXIX. *Come Lord Jeſus.* P.

I.

COME, Thou long expected Jes
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in Thee!
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear deſire of ev'ry nation,

'Twas Jeſus my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

VII.

Great Father of mercies thy goodneſs I own,
And the cov'nant-love of thy crucify'd Son;
All praiſe to the Spirit, whoſe whiſper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteouſneſs, mine.

LXXI. *The pardoning God.* P. M.

I.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchleſs, God-like, and divine!
But the fair glories of thy grace
More God-like and unrivall'd ſhine;
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee,
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

II.

Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honour ſhare.

Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

III.

Angels and men, reſign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,
Theſe glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

IV.

In wonder loſt, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God:
Pardon for crimes of deepeſt dye,
Pardon that flows through Jeſus' blood,
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

V.

O may this ſtrange this matchleſs grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
And all th' angelic hoſts above!
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

LXXII. *Happineſs only in Chriſt.* 7s.

I.

GROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other Saviours I diſclaim:
Fix my heart on him to ſtay,
Fix it, Lord, without delay.

II.

Empty is created good,
I want more ſubſtantial food:
All is vanity beſide
Jeſus, and him crucify'd.

III.

In thy preſence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,
Make and keep me wholly thine.

IV.

While I traverſe here beneath,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteouſneſs bring near.

V.

Grant me ſtill in grace to grow,
While a ſtranger here below;
Let me by thy Spirit move,
Till I reach the realms of love.

I ſhall as my Maſter be,
Rooted in humility.

II.

From the time that this I know,
Nothing would I ſeek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

III.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Free from malice as a child,
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

IV.

Father, fix my ſoul on Thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

V.

O! that all may ſeek and find
Ev'ry good in Jeſus join'd!

LXXIV. *The Convert.* P. M.

I.

WHEN with my mind devoutly preſt,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breaſt
Would paſt offences trace:
Trembling, I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

II.

This tongue, with blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe feet to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree:
Who could believe ſuch lips could praiſe,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to Thee?

III.

Theſe eyes, that once abus'd their ſight,
Now lift to Thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a ſilent flood;
Theſe hands aſcend in ceaſeleſs pray'r,
O waſh away the ſtains they wear,
In thy redeeming blood!

IV.

Theſe ears, that pleas'd, could entertain
The midnight oath, the luſtful ſtrain,
When round the feſtal board;

Now deaf to all th' enchanting noiſe,
Avoid the throng, deteſt the joys,
And preſs to hear thy word.

V.

Thus art Thou ſerv'd in ev'ry part;
O would'ſt Thou more transform my heart,
This droſſy thing refine;
That grace might nature's ſtrength controu
And a new creature, body, ſoul,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

LXXV. *Thanks for preſerving Grace.* P. M

I.

LORD, and am I yet alive!
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit ſtrive,
With the chief of ſinners dwell!
Yes, I ſtill lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love deſpair,
Still in ſpite of ſin I riſe,
Still to call Thee mine I dare.

II.

O the length of boundleſs love!
Jeſu, Saviour, can it be?

All thy mercy's height I prove,
All its depth is ſeen in me!
O the miracle of grace!
Tell it out to ſinners tell!
Men, and fiends, and angels gaze
I am, I am out of hell!

III.

Turn aſide, a ſight t' admire,
I the living wonder am!
See a buſh that burns with fire,
Unconſum'd amidſt the flame!
See a ſtone that hangs in air!
See a ſpark in ocean dwell!
Kept alive with death ſo near,
I am, I am out of hell!

LXXVI. *Farewell to the World.* P. M.

I.

WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Fooliſh hopes and falſe alarms;
Now I ſee as clear as day,
How thy follies paſs away.

Thee I quit for heav'n above
Object of the nobleſt love.

III.

Fooliſh vanity, farewell,
More inconſtant than the wave!
Where the ſoothing fancies dwell,
Pureſt tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee
Jeſus Chriſt, ſhall ſet me free.

IV.

Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in Thee alone I find
Solid and ſubſtantial joys;
Joys that never over-paſt,
Through eternity ſhall laſt.

V.

Lord, how happy is the heart,
After Thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful — Th—

It ſhall ſee the glorious ſcene
Of thine everlaſting reign.

LXXVII. *The grateful language of Faith.* P. M.

I.

WHAT ſhall we render unto Thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r!
Teach us to bow the humble knee;
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore;
To praiſe Thee as thy ſaints above;
To praiſe Thee for thy wond'rous love.

II.

When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful ſhepherd's eye;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity;
Our Jeſus from the heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

III.

He bore our ſins upon the tree,
(To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came)
There was he bound to ſet us free
From death and everlaſting ſhame:

The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their ſhepherd bled.

IV.

Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High Prieſt he ſtands;
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving—loves them to the end.

V.

May we his blood-bought flock rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only choice;
To cleave to Him, in love, alone;
Be growing up in holineſs,
Then meet Him in the realms of peace.

VI.

Then ſhall our grateful ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;
No ſin, no ſorrow ſhall be found,
No night o'er-cloud the endleſs day;
O praiſe Him! all beneath, above,
O praiſe Him! praiſe the God of love.

LXXVIII. *For ſpiritual Strength.* 7s.

I.

'ON of God thy bleſſing grant,
) Still ſupply my ev'ry want,
ree of life thine influence ſhed,
/ith thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

II.

end'reſt branch, alas! am I,
/ither without Thee and die,
/eak as helpleſs infancy:
Confirm my ſoul in Thee!

III.

nſuſtain'd by Thee, I fall;
nd the ſtrength for which I call;
'eaker than a bruiſed reed,
elp, I ev'ry moment need.

IV.

l my hopes on Thee depend;
)ve me, ſave me to the end!
ve me thy continu'd grace;
ake the everlaſting praiſe!

LXXIX. *Panting after God.* P. M.

I.

THOU hidden love of God, whoſe heigh
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man know
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
And longing ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it find reſt in Thee.

II.

Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repoſe in thee.

III.

O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive:
In all things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek, but thee!

IV.

O love! thy ſov'reign aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted care;

Chaſe this ſelf-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may Abba, Father cry.

V.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
"I am thy God, thy Life, thy All!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love—be all my choice!

LXXX. *Grace.* S. M.

I.

GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

II.

Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps *that* grace diſplay,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

IV.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new ſupplies each hour I meet:
While preſſing on to God.

V.

Grace taught my ſoul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

VI.

Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Through everlaſting days;
It lays in heaven the top-moſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

VII.

O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine!
May all my pow'rs to Thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

XI. *The Lord our Righteouſneſs.* L. M.

I.

U, thy blood and righteouſneſs,
y beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
flaming worlds, in theſe array'd,
joy ſhall I lift up my head.

II.

from the duſt of earth I riſe,
im my manſion in the ſkies,
hen ſhall this be all my plea,
s hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

III.

hall I ſtand in that great day,
no ought to my charge ſhall lay?
through Thee abſolv'd I am,
ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

IV.

Abraham, the friend of God,
all the armies bought with blood,
ir of ſinners, Thee proclaim,
s, of whom the chief I am.

V.

potleſs robe the ſame appears,
ruin'd nature ſinks in years,

No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Chriſt is ever new.

VI.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus the Lord our Righteouſneſs!

LXXXII. *Safety in Chriſt.* P. M.

I.

LIGHT of the world; thy beams I bleſs
On Thee, bright ſun of righteouſneſs,
My faith has fix'd its eye:
Guided by Thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin ſpread below,
For Thou art always nigh.

II.

Ten thouſand ſnares my path beſet,
Yet ſhall I, Lord, the work complete,
Which Thou to me haſt giv'n:
Superior to the pains I feel,
Cloſe by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heav'n.

III.

Still may I ſtrive, and labour ſtill,
With humble zeal to do thy will,

And truſt in thy defence!
My ſoul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

LXXXIII. "*It is done.*" P. M.

I.

'TIS done! th' atoning work is done!
Jeſus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels th' important groan
Loud-echoing through earth and ſkies;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black!

II.

The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jeſus meekly bows his head;
The rocks reſent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead;
The bodies of the ſaints ariſe,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

III.

And ſhall not we his death partake,
In ſympathetic anguiſh groan?
O Saviour! let thy paſſion ſhake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of ſtone;

To ſecond life our ſouls reſtore,
And wake us that we ſleep no more.

LXXXIV. *Chriſt the beſt Friend.* P. M.

I.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deſerves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Coſtly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindneſs prove,
Find it everlaſting love!

II.

Which of all our friends to ſave us,
Could or would have ſhed their blood?
But our Jeſus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundleſs love indeed!
Jeſus is a friend in need.

III.

When he liv'd on earth abaſed,
Friend of ſinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiſed,
He rejoices in the ſame:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

IV.

Oh! for grace our hearts to ſoften!
Teach us Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above;
But when home our ſouls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

LXXXV. *Chriſt the Believer's All.* L. M.

I.

IN Chriſt my treaſure's all contain'd;
By Him my feeble ſoul's ſuſtain'd;
From Him I all things do receive,
Through Him my ſoul does daily live.

II.

With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my ſoul delights to talk;
On him I caſt my every care;
Like Him one day I ſhall appear.

III.

Bleſs Him, my ſoul, from day to day;
Truſt Him to bring thee on thy way:
Give Him thy poor weak ſinful heart;
With Him, O never, never part.

IV.

Take Him for ſtrength and righteouſneſs;
Make Him thy refuge in diſtreſs;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

V.

Praiſe Him in chearful, grateful ſongs,
To Him your higheſt praiſe belongs;
To Him who does your heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praiſe for ever there.

LXXXVI. *Following Chriſt.* L. M.

I.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

II.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from baniſhment;
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

III.

This is the way I long had ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;

rief a burden long had been,
eft with unbelief and ſin.

IV.

hore I ſtrove againſt their pow'r,
l'd and ſtumbled but the more,
ate I heard my Saviour ſay,
me, hither, ſoul, I am the way."

V.

glad I come, and Thou bleſt Lamb,
take me to Thee as I am:
ing but ſin I Thee can give;
ing but love ſhall I receive.

VI.

ı will I tell to ſinners round,
ıt a dear Saviour I have found;
ɔoint to thy redeeming blood,
ſay, Behold the way to God!

XXXVII. *Unchangeable Love.* L. M.

I.

WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears,
n my Redeemer, then I find,
he folly of my doubts and fears.

II.

Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part,
And harbour one hard thought of Thee.

III.

O let me then at length be taught,
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

IV.

Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

V.

But Oh! my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the diſobedient will,
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

VI.

Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praiſe receive,
Be ſhame, and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

LXXXVIII. *Going without the Camp, bearing the reproach of Chriſt.* P. M.

I.

COME my Father's family,
Ye ranſom'd of the Lord;
Come, ye ſinners, who with me,
Are ev'ry where abhorr'd;
Let us gladly trace his ſteps
Who ſuffer'd death among the Jews;
Who the friendleſs ſoul accepts,
Whom all beſide refuſe.

II.

Jeſus, the deſpis'd and mean,
Our maſter let us own;
He the ſacrifice for ſin,
The Saviour, He alone.
Let us take and bear his croſs,
Deſpis'd diſciples let us be;
Mock'd and ſlighted as He was,
For you, my friends, and me.

III.

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore;
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore.

None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praiſe may claim;
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

LXXXIX. *Unchanging Grace.* 104th.

I.

IF Jeſus is ours, we have a true friend,
Whoſe goodneſs endures the ſame to the end;
Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline,
We cannot miſcarry, our aid is divine.

II.

Though God may delay to ſhew us his light,
And heavineſs may endure for a night,
Yet joy, in the morning, ſhall ſurely abound,
No ſhadow of turning in Jeſus is found.

III.

The hills may depart, and mountains remove,
But faithful Thou art O fountain of love!
The Father hath graven our names on thy hands;
Our building in heav'n eternally ſtands.

IV.

moment he hid the light of his face;
t firmly decreed to ſave us by grace:
d though he reprov'd us, and ſtill may reprove,
r ever he lov'd us, and ever will love.

V.

en tune every ſtring to Jeſus's name!
ith angels we'll ſing the ſong of the Lamb:
ee ev'ry believer ſhall joyfully praiſe,
ou bountiful giver of glory and grace.

XC. *The Fountain opened.* C. M.

I.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
d ſinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

II.

e dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
d there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

III.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
Till all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd, to ſin no more.

IV.

E'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

V.

Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
When this poor liſping ſtamm'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

VI.

Lord, I believe Thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

VII.

'Tis ſtrung, and tun'd for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To ſound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

CI. *Longing for an intereſt in Chriſt.* L. M.

I.

) COME, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
ve us to know thy love, then pain
ſweet, and life or death is gain.

II.

ke our poor hearts, and let them be
r ever clos'd to all but Thee:
l Thou our breaſts, and let us wear
at pledge of love for ever there.

III.

w can it be, Thou heav'nly King,
at Thou ſhouldſt man to glory bring,
ke ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
ck'd with a never-fading crown?

IV.

Lord, enlarge our ſcanty thought,
know the wonders Thou haſt wrought:
looſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
y love immenſe, unſearchable!

V.

ſt-born of many brethren Thou,
Thee both earth and heav'n muſt bow:
p us to Thee our all to give,
ne may we die, thine may we live.

THE [illegible],

From whom we favour c
Whoſe love alone new life impar
And gives the heav'nly flame;
Is none but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord;
Whoſe grace and Spirit ſtill rema
To bleſs us in his word.

II.

His promiſe is the ſame,
His church below to bleſs,
When they aſſemble in his name
To ſupplicate his grace:
A train of ſinners poor
He will not caſt behind;
But keeps his word for evermore
And bears us on his mind.

III.

To our relief He flies,
He flies from realms above;
[illegible] in ſweet r

And boldly to the world declare,
Salvation we have ſeen?

IV.

Yes, if Thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confeſs;
And ſpeak of Chriſt the living word,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs:
We'll mention to his praiſe
The triumphs of his death;
And ſing his everlaſting grace
Ev'n with our lateſt breath.

XCIII. *Ebenezer.* P. M.

I.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe.
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—Oh fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

II.

Here I raiſe my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I come;

Interpos'd his precious blood.

III.

Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and ſeal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

XCIV. *Looking to Jeſus.* P. M.

I.

SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs I ſpend;
Life and health, and peace poſſeſſing
From the ſinners' dying Friend.
Here I'll ſit, for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams in ſtreams of blood

II.

Truly bleſſed is this ſtation,
Low before his croſs to lie;
While I ſee divine compaſſion
Floating in his languid eye;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

III.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Conſtant ſtill in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

XCV. *God's amazing condeſcenſion.* P. M.

I.

SWEET and bleſſed are the moments
When my Jeſus I can ſee,
Loſt in thoſe divine enjoyments,
Preludes of eternity;

ii.

Angels ſeek to know the reaſon,
Why the ever-bleſſed God,
Stoop'd to ſuffer for our treaſon,
Cloth'd like us in fleſh and blood!
Him, whom lately they ſurrounded
Like a wretched man they ſee;
Gaze aſtoniſh'd and confounded,
At their Maker on the tree.

iii.

But what was from them concealed
Freely Thou to us haſt ſhewn;
Thou haſt now the cauſe revealed;
'Twas thy love, and that alone;
That's the ſource of ev'ry bleſſing
To our ruin'd, wretched race;
Streams of bounty, ſtill increaſing,
Flow from rich and ſov'reign grace.

iv.

'Tis from Thee, my deareſt Jeſus,

Great has been thy condeſcenſion
To unworthy, ſinful me;
Great above my comprehenſion,
Love ſupreme, divinely free.

XCVI. *Rejoicing with ſorrow.* P. M.

I.

THEE will I love, my ſtrength and tow'r,
Thee will I love, my joy and crown;
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
In all my works, and Thee alone!
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

II.

Ah! why did I ſo late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the ſons of men!
Ah! why did I no ſooner go
To Thee, the only eaſe in pain!
Aſham'd I ſigh, and inly mourn
That I ſo late to Thee did turn.

III.

In darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd;
I ſought Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd;
For wide my wand'ring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I lov'd:

I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded
I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning voi
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice

V.

Give to my eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heav'n's host in
That all my pow'rs with all their m
In thy sole glory may unite.

VI.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown
Thee will I love, my Lord, my G
Thee will I love, when all does frow
On me, and thorny makes my ro
What though my flesh and heart de
Thee shall I love in endless day.

XCVII. *Abba, Father.* 73.

I.

BBA, Father! hear thy child
Late in Jeſus reconcil'd!
ır, and all the graces ſhow'r,
the joy, and peace, and pow'r,
my Saviour aſks above,
the life and heaven of love.

II.

w'nly Adam, life divine,
inge my nature into thine:
ve and ſpread throughout my ſoul,
uate and fill the whole:
it I no longer now,
ing in the fleſh, but Thou.

III.

ly Ghoſt, no more delay,
me, and in thy temple ſtay;
w thy inward witneſs bear
ong and permanent, and clear;
ing of life, thyſelf impart,
e eternal in my heart.

Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endleſs reſt.

II.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Th
We bleſt and pious grow;
In hymns of praiſe we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

III.

On this glad day a brighter ſcene
Of glory was diſplay'd
By God th' eternal Word, than w
This univerſe was made.

IV.

He riſes, who mankind has bough
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to ſpeak the world fr
'Tis greater to redeem.

XCIX. *Chriſt collecting his Flock.* P. M.

I.

UNFATHOM'D wiſdom of our King!
In ſtillneſs he collects his flock,
Leads on, and to perfection brings,
And grounds them on himſelf the Rock;
With little hurry, noiſe or ſhew,
He ſafely guideth ev'ry ſoul;
No more the blinded world can do,
Than ſcorn and ridicule the whole.

II.

Thy church, great Saviour, bought with blood,
Outcaſts of men, but dear to Thee,
Eſteems thy croſs a pleaſant load,
An eaſy yoke; thrice happy ſhe,
When bearing thy reproach below,
She ſtill partakes of thy free grace,
Which from thy wounds doth ſweetly flow,
And all affliction's load outweighs.

III.

Come, tender Lord, ſupport the weak,
Support thy little ones with grace:
Thou know'ſt, for Thee athirſt we ſeek,
Kind Maſter of thy choſen race!
Faithful we know thy tender love,
Thy wounds our heav'n, our paradiſe;

May ſpirit, ſoul, and body prove
An ever living ſacrifice.

IV.

Within the circle of thy arms
O may we ever live ſecure;
'Tis by thy oath that Thou art ours,
Bond ever ſacred, ever ſure!
Thy work with mighty arm ſupport,
Satan ſhall ne'er prevail o'er Thee:
Let thy true followers though oppreſs'd,
Beneath oppreſſion conqu'rors be.

C. *God's Huſbandry.* P. M.

I.

HIGH on his everlaſting throne
The King of ſaints his work ſurveys,
Marks the dear ſouls he calls his own,
And ſmiles on his peculiar race.
He reſts well pleas'd their toil to ſee:
Beneath his eaſy yoke they move,
With all their heart and ſtrength agree
In the ſweet labour of his love.

II.

His eye the world at once looks through,
A vaſt, uncultivated field;

Mountains and vales in ghaſtly ſhew,
A barren uncouth proſpect yield.
Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
A few leſs hideous waſtes are ſeen;
Yet ſtill they all continue bare,
And not one ſpot of earth is green.

III.

See where the ſervants of their God,
A buſy multitude, appear,
For Jeſus day and night employ'd,
His huſbandry they toil to clear.
The love of Chriſt their hearts conſtrains,
And ſtrengthens their unwearied hands;
They ſpend their blood and ſweat and pains,
To cultivate Emmanuel's lands.

IV.

Alarm'd at their ſucceſsful toil,
Satan and his wild ſpirits rage,
They labour to tear up and ſpoil
And blaſt the riſing heritage.
In every wilderneſs they ſow
The ſeed of death, the carnal mind;
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one ſeed of good behind.

V.

Yet ſtill the ſervants of their Lord
Look up and calmly perſevere,

Supported by the Maſter's word,
The adverſe pow'rs they ſcorn to fear;
Gladly their happy work purſue:
The labour of their hands is ſeen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
Some ſpots at leaſt are lively green.

VI.

Where'er the faithful workers turn,
The ſteps of induſtry appear;
They labour all dry wood to burn,
They labour with inceſſant care
The fruits of Sodom to tread down,
To root up each accurſed ſeed
By Satan and his ſpirits ſown,
And plant the Goſpel in its ſtead.

VII.

To dig the ground they thus beſtow
Their lives; from ev'ry ſoften'd clod
They gather out the ſtones, and ſow
Th' immortal ſeed the word of God,
They water it with tears and pray'rs;
They long for the returning word,
Happy if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to pleaſe their Lord.

VIII.

Jeſus their work delighted ſees,
Their induſtry vouchſafes to crown;

He kindly gives the wiſh'd increaſe,
And ſends the promis'd bleſſing down:
The ſap of life, the Spirit's pow'rs,
He rains inceſſant from above;
He all his gracious fulneſs ſhow'rs
To perfect their great work of love.

II. *Faithfulneſs in the work of God.* L. M.

I.

SHALL I for fear of ſinful man,
Thy Spirit's courſe in me reſtrain?
Or undiſmay'd, in deed and word
Be a true witneſs to my Lord?

II.

Aw'd by a mortal's frown, ſhall I
Conceal the word of God moſt high?
How then before Thee ſhall I dare
To ſtand, or how thy anger bear?

III.

Shall I to ſooth th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and ſmooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The croſs endur'd, my God, by Thee!

IV.

The love of Chriſt does me conſtrain
To ſeek the wand'ring ſouls of men;
With cries, intreaties, tears, to ſave,
To ſnatch them from the gaping grave.

V.

For this let men revile my name;
No croſs I ſhun, I fear no ſhame:
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, reſtrain.

VI.

My life, my blood I here preſent,
If for thy truth they may be ſpent:
Fulfil thy ſov'reign counſel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!

VII.

Give me thy ſtrength, O God of pow'r!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witneſs will I be:
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee.

CII, *The name of Jeſus.* C. M.

I.

HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ear!

It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

II.

It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

III.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding-place;
My never failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

IV.

Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

V.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee Thee as Thou art,
I'll praiſe Thee as I ought.

VI.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;

I.

LORD, thine image Thou haſt lent
In thy never-fading love;
When I fell, yet Thou haſt ſent me
Full redemption from above:
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

II.

Love! to bliſs Thou haſt ordained
Me, e'er I began to be;
God of love, Thou'ſt not diſdained
To become a man like me:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever Thine.

III.

Love! who haſt for me endured
All the pains of death and hell;
Love! whoſe ſuff'rings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell;
Sacred love, I long to be

IV.

Love! my life and my ſalvation,
Light and truth, eternal word!
Thou alone doſt conſolation
To my ſinking ſoul afford:
Love almighty and divine,
would be for ever thine.

V.

To thy bleſſed yoke Thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love,
While my heart is ever crying,
May I true and faithful prove;
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

VI.

Love! who wilt for ever love me,
Interceſſor for my ſoul!
Who ſuſtain'ſt me, light or heavy,
On the prieſtly breaſt and roll:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

VII.

Love! who wilt hereafter raiſe me
From the grave, a bed of duſt;
Love! whoſe final zeal arrays me
With a garment 'mong the juſt!

Sacred love! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

CIV. *Thankfulneſs for redeeming love.* 10

I.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bleſs,
Who reigns on the throne,
The prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jeſus,
Our Lord and our God.

II.

We daily will ſing
Thy glory, thy praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindneſs for ever
To men we will tell,
And ſay, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

III.

Preſerve us in love,
While here we abide;

Nor ever remove,
  Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation,
  Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion
  Completed in Thee.

CV. *The Atonement.* P. M.

I.

HAIL, Thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!
  Hail, Thou Galilean King,
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
  Who didſt free ſalvation bring:
Hail, Thou precious, precious Saviour,
  Who haſt borne our ſin and ſhame;
By whoſe merit we find favour,
  Life is given through thy name!

II.

Paſchal Lamb, by God appointed,
  All our ſins were on Thee laid:
By Almighty love anointed,
  Thou haſt full atonement made.
Ev'ry ſin may be forgiven,
  Through the virtue of thy blood!

... the heav'nly hoſts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's ſide:
There for ſinners Thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year;"
Thou for ſaints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

IV.

Worſhip, honour, pow'r, and bleſſing,
Chriſt is worthy to receive,
Loudeſt praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays;
Help to ſing our Jeſu's merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praiſe!

CVI. *The good Fight.* 104th.

I.

So terribly glorious his coming ſhall be,
His love all-victorious ſhall conquer for me.

II.

He all ſhall break through; his truth and his grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place:
Through much tribulation, through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation, and flames of deſire.

III.

On Jeſus my pow'r, for ſtrength I rely;
All evil before his preſence ſhall fly:
If I have my Saviour, He will not depart;
But Jeſus, for ever, ſhall hold faſt my heart.

CVII. *Everlaſting Love.* P. M.

I.

NOW I have found the bleſſed ground
Where my ſoul's anchor may remain,
The Lamb of God, who for my ſin
Was from the world's foundation ſlain,
Whoſe mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

II.

O love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jeſu's blood, through earth and ſkies,
Mercy, free boundleſs mercy, cries.

III.

With faith I plunge me in this ſea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither, when hell aſſails, I flee,
And look unto my Saviour's breaſt:
Away ſad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there.

IV.

Though waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Though ſtrength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfaſt on this my ſoul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

V.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and fleſh decay;
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away;

Mercy's full power I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love!

CVIII. *Breathing after Divine Love.* P. M.

I.

O LOVE divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I thirſt, and long, and pant to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me.

II.

Almighty, precious love of God;
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In my poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

III.

O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary at my Maſter's feet,
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight and bliſs,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

IV.

Thy love alone do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath deſire,
Nothing in heav'n above;
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

CIX. *Delight in the name of Jeſus.* 7s.

I.

SWEETER ſounds than muſic knows,
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

II.

When he came the angels ſung
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue—
Who ſhould louder ſing than I?

III.

Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfil!
Bleed and ſuffer in my room!
And canſt thou then my tongue, be ſtill?

IV.

No; I muſt my praiſes bring,
Though they worthleſs are, and weak;
For, ſhould I refuſe to ſing,
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

V.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Huſband, Friend;
Ev'ry precious name in one;
I will love Thee without end.

CX. *Praiſe for God's unſpeakable Gift.*

S. M. D.

I.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bleſs Thee for the precious gift
Of thy incarnate Son:
The gift unſpeakable
We thankfully receive:
O may we of thy goodneſs tell,
And to thy glory live!

II.

Jeſus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare

That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are:
A peace on earth he brings
Which never more ſhall end;
The Lord of hoſts, the King of kings
Declares himſelf our friend.

III.

O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increaſe!
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry ſoul aloud,
" Come, Thou deſire of nations, come,
" And take us home to God."

CXI. *The Joy of Faith in Chriſt's kingly Office.* P. M.

I.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

II.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

III.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

IV.

He ſits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

V.

He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy,
And ev'ry boſom fill
With pure ſeraphic joy:

And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's v
The trump of God ſhall ſound Rejo

CXII. *The heaven-born Soul riſin*
P. M.

I.

RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove
Riſe my ſoul, and haſte away,
To ſeats prepar'd above.

II.

Rivers to the ocean run,

a ſoul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
ɔward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

III.

eaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the prize;
ɔon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
et a ſeaſon, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
ll our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

CXIII. *True ambition.* C. M.

I.

NOW let a true ambition riſe,
And ardour fire our breaſt,
o reign in worlds above the ſkies,
In heav'nly glories dreſt.

II.

ehold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown diſplay,
/hoſe gems with vivid luſtre ſhine,
While ſtars and ſuns decay.

III.

Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Chriſtian's thought;
I ſpring to ſeize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

IV.

Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize purſue;
Nor ſhall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

CXIV. *Subſtantial bliſs in the enjoyment Chriſt.* P. M.

I.

'TIS in vain to ſeek for bliſs,
Laſting bliſs can ne'er be found,
Till we reach where Jeſus is,
Till we tread on heav'nly ground;
Nothing round theſe ſpangled ſkies,
Nothing on this earthly globe
Yields to me ſubſtantial joys,
Or is lovely as my God.

II.

But 'tis heav'n to taſte his love,
Heav'n to feel his quick'ning grace;

nd the heav'n I hope above,
Is to ſee my Jeſu's face;
here are pleaſures all ſincere,
There no dreg of guilt defiles;
ong, my ſoul, to leave this ſphere,
Pant to reach th' eternal hills.

III.

ome, bleſt Spirit from above,
Bear my ſinking courage up,
edge of my Redeemer's love,
Calm my fears, ſupport my hope;
hen let waves and thunders roar,
I ſhall feel thy peace divine,
ill I reach the bliſsful ſhore,
'Till the heav'nly throng I join.

IV.

llow ſaints, this bliſs purſue,
Preſs ye on to reach the prize;
d the flatt'ring world adieu,
Fix above, your longing eyes:
! the kind Redeemer waits,
To receive you to his breaſt;
pen ſtand the bliſsful gates,
Angels call you there to reſt.

CXV. "*Viſit me with thy Salvation.*" P. M

I.

JESUS, my Almighty Saviour,
Proſtrate at thy feet I lie;
Humbly I entreat thy favour;
Condeſcend to hear my cry.
At thy gracious invitation,
I approach thy throne divine;
Viſit me with thy ſalvation,
Gently tell me, Thou art mine.

II.

When I was to Thee a ſtranger,
Wand'ring in forbidden ways,
From the paths of ſin and danger,
Thou didſt call me by thy grace.
Let not then my foes confound me;
Thou art all my help and hope;
Let thy arms of love ſurround me,
Let thy mercy hold me up.

III.

Still I need thy gracious keeping;
Sin and hell my faith aſſail;
Oft my days are ſpent in weeping,
Leſt my foes ſhould yet prevail.
Heal my ſoul, Thou great Phyſician,
Eaſe me of my pain and grief;

ow thine ear to my petition,
Kindly ſend me ſome relief.

IV.

rant me thy divine direction
In the way that I ſhould go;
t thy hand be my protection
From the pow'r of ev'ry foe.
racious Saviour, never leave me,
While my toils and conflicts laſt;
o thy kind embrace receive me,
When the ſtorms of life are paſt.

CXVI. *The ſacrifice of praiſe.* P. M.

I.

ET ev'ry tuneful accent riſe,
To Him that rules the earth and ſkies,
The infinite unknown;
is goodneſs ſhines around the ſphere,
nd richly crowns the rolling year,
With bleſſings from his throne.

II.

'is he ordains the blooming ſpring,
er ſofteſt ſweeteſt charms to bring,
And wear her lovely dreſs;

'Tis He that clothes the fertile vale,
Bids fragrance breathe in ev'ry gale,
The rural ſcene to bleſs.

III.

But he hath richer gifts in ſtore,
For which our grateful hearts adore
The Source of ev'ry good;
He gives us, rebels loſt in ſin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine
Through a Redeemer's blood.

IV.

When deſtitute of help and hope,
His ſov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
And ſnatcht us from deſpair;
So free, ſo boundleſs is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And ſoon ſhall bring us there.

V.

Our voices ſhould in concert join
In ſongs of harmony divine;
The theme is ever new:
Let muſic all her graces bring,
Awake, awake each tuneful ſtring,
To pay the tribute due.

XVII. *The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb.* P. M.

I.

ISRAEL, thy tribute bring
To God's victorious name;
The ſong of Moſes ſing,
Of Moſes and the Lamb:
Improve his lays;
The theme exceeds,
And nobler deeds
Demand our praiſe.

II.

The prince of hell aroſe
With impious rage and pride,
And 'midſt our num'rous foes
Our feeble pow'r defy'd;
"I will o'ertake,
"And I deſtroy,
"My hand with joy
"Shall force thee back."

III.

Thy hand, Almighty Lord,
Thy trembling Iſrael ſaves;
Thine unreſiſted word
Divides the threat'ning waves:

Our triumphs we prepare,
And chearful anthems raiſe;
Jehovah's arm made bare
Demands immortal praiſe;
And while we ſing,
Ye ſhores proclaim
His wond'rous name,
Ye deſarts, ring.

V.

Through all the wilderneſs
Thy preſence, Lord, ſhall lead
And bring us to the place,
Thy ſov'reign love decreed;
Thoſe bliſsful plains,
Where all around
Hoſannas ſound,
And tranſport reigns.

CXVIII. *Protecting love.* P. M.

I.

WHAT though my frail eye-lids refuſe
Continual watching to keep,
id punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreſhment of ſleep,
ſov'reign protector I have,
Unſeen, yet for ever at hand;
changeably faithful to ſave,
Almighty to rule and command.

II.

)m evil ſecure, and its dread,
I reſt, if my Saviour is nigh;
d ſongs his kind preſence indeed,
Shall in the night-ſeaſon ſupply:
ſmiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew ſhall deſcend;
d walls of ſalvation ſurround,
The ſoul He delights to defend.

III.

id author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow;
glad Ebenezer ſet up,
And own Thou haſt help'd me till now.

Inſpirer and hearer of pray .,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant-care
I ſleeping and waking, reſign:
If Thou art my ſhield and my ſun,
The night is no darkneſs to me;
And, faſt as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

V.

Thy miniſt'ring ſpirits deſcend,
To watch while thy ſaints are aſlee
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of ſalvation to keep:
Bright ſeraphs, diſpatch'd from the th
Repair to their ſtations aſſign'd;
And angels elect are ſent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

VI.

Their worſhip no interval knows;
Their fervour is ſtill on the wing;

I too, at the ſeaſon ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever ſhall join,
And love and adore without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

CXIX. *Aſſurance.* P. M.

I.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I ſing;
Nor fear with thy righteouſneſs on,
My perſon and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my tranſgreſſions from view.

II.

The work which his goodneſs began,
The arm of his ſtrength will complete;
His promiſe is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my ſoul from his love.

Yes, I to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is given;
More happy, but not more ſecure,
The glorify'd ſpirits in heav'n.

CXX. *God's Covenant.* C. M.

I.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

II.

What though my houſe be not with me
As nature could deſire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy ſervants ſhall aſpire.

III.

Thou, the everlaſting God,

:ſus my Guardian, and my Friend,
And heav'n my final home;

IV.

welcome all thy ſov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
nd when I know not what Thou doſt,
I wait the light above.

V.

hy cov'nant in the darkeſt gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
/hich, when my eye-lids cloſe in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

XXI. *Light ſhining out of darkneſs.* C. M.

I.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform:
e plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

II.

eep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing ſkill,
e treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

III.

Ye fearful ſaints freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break,
In bleſſings on your head.

IV.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

V.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

VI.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

CXXII. *Goodneſs in Redemption admired*
P. M.

I.

O THOU God of my ſalvation,
My Redeemer from all ſin;

Mov'd by thy divine compaſſion,
Who haſt dy'd my heart to win;
I will praiſe Thee—
Where ſhall I thy praiſe begin?

II.

While the angel-choirs are crying
"Glory to the great I AM;"
I with them would be aſcribing
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
Oh! how precious
Is the ſound of Jeſu's name!

III.

Now I ſee with joy and wonder
Whence the healing ſtreams aroſe;
Angels' minds are loſt to ponder
Dying love without a cauſe:
Yet a bleſſing
Down to ſinners now it flows.

IV.

May this ſet our ſouls on fire,
Cauſe to glow the flame of love;
Higher, let us mount ſtill higher,
Waiting for our bleſt remove:
Then we'll praiſe Thee,
In the brighter realms above.

His temples twin'd with rugged thorns,
His body bath'd in blood!
But from this dreadful ſcene
What joys and glories riſe!
For by this croſs ſhall ſinners live,
By this aſcend the ſkies.

II.

This croſs a magnet proves,
That ſhall attract mankind;
Here God appears ſupremely juſt;
And here ſupremely kind:
When ſceptres, crowns, and thrones
Melt in th' unbounded flame,
Heav'n ſhall the wonders of the croſs
In endleſs praiſe proclaim.

CXXIV. *The Promiſes.* L. M.

I.

anſwers all the ſinner's needs,
id far his ſcanty thoughts exceeds.

II.

id yet my weak and doubtful mind
› unbelief is ſtill inclin'd;
r though the word of grace is free,
›ften fear *'tis not for me.*

III.

could I with a ſteady faith,
lieve what God my Father ſaith,
ıen ſhould I glorify him more,
ıd his unbounded grace adore!

IV.

›w ſhould I truſt my heav'nly friend,
ıd on his faithful word depend!
ıen could I fearleſs view the grave,
ıd death himſelf no ſting would have.

V.

ıis faith would chear my gloomy way,
ıd turn my darkneſs into day;
ıd ſtill my conſtant aim would be,
y God, to live or die to Thee.

I [illegible]
Which ſov'reign love hath
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They ſtand ſecure,
And ſtedfaſt ſtill;
Not Zion's Hill
Abides ſo ſure.

II.

The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appea
And ſun and moon decay,
That meaſure mortals' years;
But ſtill the ſame,
In radiant lines,
The promiſe ſhines
Through all the flame.

III.

Their harmony ſhall ſound
Through mine attentive ea
[illegible] the gr

I ſtand ſerene,
Thy word my rock.

CXXVI. *Seeking Reſt.* C. M.

I.

LORD, I believe a reſt remains
To all thy people known;
A reſt where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art lov'd alone.

II.

Celeſtial Spirit, make me know
That I ſhall enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r beſtow,
And waſh me from my ſin.

III.

Remove this hardneſs from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the reſt of faith impart,
The ſabbath of thy love.

IV.

Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my ſoul deſcend;
No longer from thy creature ſtay,
My author, and my end.

And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſha

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray

Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

CXXVIII. *Grateful review of the conduct of Providence.* C. M.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

III.

Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

Thine arm, unſeen, ...
And led me on to man.

V.

When worn by ſickneſs, oft haſt Th
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

VI.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

VII.

When nature fails, and day and n
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

VIII.

Through all eternity, to Thee
...ful ſong I'll raiſe;

XXIX. *Privileges of God's children.* 7s.

I.

LESSED are the ſons of God,
They are bought with Chriſt's own blood,
:y are ranſom'd from the grave,
: eternal they ſhall have:
l did love them in his Son,
ıg before the world begun:
:y the ſeal of this receive,
en on Jeſus they believe.

II.

:y are juſtify'd by grace,
:y enjoy a ſolid peace:
their ſins are waſh'd away,
:y ſhall ſtand in God's great day:
:y produce the fruits of grace
:he works of righteouſneſs:
:y are harmleſs, meek, and mild,
ly, humble, undefil'd.

III.

:y are lights upon the earth,
ldren of a heav'nly birth;
n of God they hate all ſin,
l's pure ſeed remains within;

Though they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures that can never cloy;
They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Chriſt;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

CXXX. *The promiſed land.* C. M

I.

FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of nigl
Unbounded glories riſe;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

II.

Fair diſtant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore

III.

There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns!

IV.

No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

V.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne
Spreads everlaſting day.

VI.

O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

CXXXI. *A thought of heaven.* P. M.

I.

HARK! how the heav'ns with praiſes ring!
From ev'ry ranſom'd ſoul above,

Sweet ſongs of praiſe addreſs their King;
Harmonious melting ſtrains of love!
Each, with tranſporting ecſtaſy,
Sings, "Jeſus liv'd *and dy'd for me.*"

II.

That bleſſed One who fills the throne,
And ſhines with matchleſs ſplendor now;
Whom majeſty and light adorn,
And ſeraphs at his footſtool bow;
That glorious Jeſus whom I ſee,
Stoop'd down to earth *and dy'd for me.*

III.

'Tis He who fills all heav'n with joys,
And ſmiles eternal ſpring around;
Who ev'ry heav'nly mind employs,
And bleſſes all the happy ground;
Who came from heav'n my ſoul to free,
Bow'd his dear head, *and dy'd for me.*

IV.

O! how I love that glorious Lord,
Whoſe beauties charm my raviſh'd heart
Worthy to be belov'd, ador'd,
Is He who bore, for me, ſuch ſmart:
That I might have felicity,
He groan'd, he bled, *and dy'd for me.*

V.

For ever ſhall thy deathleſs fame,
O Jeſus, from my harp reſound;
While heav'n ſhall echo back thy name,
Unto creation's utmoſt bound:
Eternal years, my theme ſhall be,
" My Jeſus liv'd, *and dy'd for me.*"

CXXXII. *Chriſtian travellers.* 7s.

I.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

II.

Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy, now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

III.

O ye ranſom'd ſeed be glad!
Chriſt our Advocate is made;
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Ever prevalent with God.

V.

Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

VI.

Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
Cheerfully we'll follow Thee!

CXXXIII. *Joy of heaven anticipated.* P. M

I.

COME, and let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above:
If thine heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,

II.

Who in Jeſus confide,
They are bold to outride
he ſtorms of affliction beneath:
With the Prophet they ſoar
To that heav'nly ſhore,
nd outfly all the arrows of death.

III.

Who on earth can conceive
How happy they live
n the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praiſe
When our Jeſus's grace
he whole heav'nly company ſing!

IV.

What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng
n the ſpirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
nd the burden is "mercy divine!"

V.

Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the ſky,
o the great, everlaſting I AM,
To the Lamb that was ſlain;
Lo! He liveth again!
allelujah to God and the Lamb!

CXXXIV. *The beatific viſion.* P. M.

I.

I LONG to behold him array'd,
With glory and grandeur above;
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love.
I languiſh and ſigh to be there,
Where Jeſus hath fixt his abode;
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God.

II.

With him I on Sion ſhall ſtand,
(For Jeſus hath ſpoken the word)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of bliſs I ſhall find,
My heaven of heavens in Thee.

III.

How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs nor ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give,

And when from the body ſet free,
My ſoul to the city receive.

CXXXV. *For Chriſt's guidance.* P. M.

I.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

II.

Open now the cryſtal fountain
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer! ſtrong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

III.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide.
Songs of praiſes, ſongs of praiſes,
I will ever give to Thee.

CXXXVI. *In darkneſs of ſoul.* P. M.

I.

COME, holy, celeſtial Dove,
And viſit a ſorrowful breaſt,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me aſſurance and reſt:
Thou only haſt pow'r to relieve
A ſinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
The ſenſe of election to give,
And ſprinkle his heart with the blood.

II.

With me if of old Thou haſt ſtrove,
And kindly with-held me from ſin,
Reſolv'd by the force of thy love,
My worthleſs affections to win:
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And ſet up thy reſt in my heart.

III.

Thy call if I ever have known,
And ſigh'd from myſelf to get free,
And groan'd the unſpeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in Thee:
Fulfil the imperfect deſire,
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal;

enſe of thy favour inſpire,
id give me my pardon to feel.

IV.

en I have put Thee to grief,
id madly to folly return'd,
goodneſs hath been my relief,
id lifted me up as I mourn'd:
merciful Spirit of grace,
lieve me again, and reſtore;
pirit in holineſs raiſe,
) fall, and to grieve Thee no more.

V.

w I lament after God,
id gaſp for a drop of thy love;
ſus hath paid down his blood,
) clear off my mortgage above:
e, heav'nly Comforter, come,
eet witneſs of mercy divine;
make me thy permanent home,
id ſeal me eternally thine.

CXVII. *Affliction and diſtreſs of ſoul.* P. M.

I.

NCOMPASS'D with clouds of diſtreſs,
Juſt ready all hope to reſign,

I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Diſhearten'd with waiting ſo long,
I ſink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my ſong,
And ſtretch forth my hands unto God.

II.

Shine, Lord, and my terror ſhall ceaſe;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jeſus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for ſweet is thy voice;
Thy preſence is fair to behold:
I thirſt for thy Spirit with cries,
And groanings that cannot be told.

III.

If ſometimes I ſtrive, as I mourn,
My hold of the promiſe to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While haraſs'd and caſt from thy ſight,
The tempter ſuggeſts with a roar,
"The Lord hath forſaken thee quite;
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

IV.

Yet, Lord, if thy love hath deſign'd
No covenant bleſſing for me,

Ah, tell me, how is it I find
  Some ſweetneſs in waiting for Thee?
Almighty to reſcue Thou art;
  Thy grace is my only reſource;
If e'er Thou art Lord of my heart,
  Thy Spirit muſt take it by force.

CXXXVIII. *Satan repulſed.* L. M.

I.

'TIS falſe, thou vile accuſer, go,
  I ſee through all thy thin diſguiſe—
Back to thy native realms below,
  Thou parent of deceit and lies!

II.

Think not to drive my trembling ſoul,
  Laden with guilt to black deſpair:
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
  And found my name not written there?

III.

Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
  To limit mercy's ſov'reign reign!
What other happy ſouls have found,
  I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

'Tis vain to attempt

V.

Set the black liſt before my ſight,
While I remember Jeſus dy'd,
'Twill only urge my ſpeedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at his ſide.

VI.

Low at his feet I'll caſt me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear;
Nor will he ſpurn me from his thro
Nor ſhall I ever periſh there.

CXXXIX. *The benefit of divine* P. M.

I.

HOW happy the ſorrowful ma
Whoſe ſorrow is ſent from
Indulg'd with a viſit of pain,

And God, he in heaven ſhall bleſs,
That ever he ſuffer'd below.

II.

Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The ſtrokes of a merciful God:
With nearer acceſs to his throne,
My burden of folly confeſs,
The cauſe of my miſeries own,
And cry for an anſwer of peace.

III.

O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction beſtow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A ſanctify'd uſe of my woe:
I would in a ſpirit of pray'r
To all thy appointments ſubmit;
The pledge of my happineſs bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

IV.

Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jeſus's love:

CXL. *Divine protection ſought.*

I.

NOW may He who from the dea
Brought the Shepherd of the ſh
Jeſus Chriſt, our King and Head,
All our ſouls in ſafety keep!

II.

May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleaſing in his ſight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preſerve us day and night!

III.

To that dear Redeemer's praiſe,
Who the cov'nant ſeal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raiſe
Loud thankſgivings to our God.

CXLI. *Birth of Chriſt.* 7s.

I.

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

II.

Joyful all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem!"

III.

Chriſt by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

IV.

Veil'd in fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

V.

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

CXLII. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hoi
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour;
Lo, Jeſus the Saviour is born!

II.

All glory be to God on high,
To Him all praiſe is due;
The promiſe is ſeal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

III.

Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and ſtill increaſe;
Spread o'er the glad earth

IV.

Now the good will of heav'n is ſhewn
Tow'rds Adam's helpleſs race;
Meſſiah is come
To ranſom his own,
To ſave them by infinite grace.

V.

Then let us join the heavn's above,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſing;
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King.

CXLIII. *The ſame.* L. M.

I.

JESUS, all praiſe is due to Thee,
That Thou waſt pleas'd a man to be!
A Virgin's womb Thou didſt not ſcorn,
And angels ſhout to ſee Thee born.
Hallelujah!

II.

The bleſſed Father's only Son
Chooſeth a manger for his throne;

And, though the high and mighty God,
Aſſumes our feeble fleſh and blood.
Hallelujah!

III.

Whom earth could not contain, nor ſkies,
In low eſtate the Saviour lies;
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little infant made.
Hallelujah!

IV.

The Father's brightneſs comes in ſight,
Gives to the world its ſaving light;
And drives the clouds of ſin away,
To make us children of the day.
Hallelujah!

V.

The Son, the Almighty God confeſs'd,
In his own world became a gueſt;
And open'd through Himſelf the way,
A paſſage to eternal day.
Hallelujah!

VI.

And therefore poor on earth He came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endleſs bliſs,
With all thoſe choſen ſaints of his.
Hallelujah!

VII.

For us theſe wonders He hath wrought,
To ſhew his love, ſurpaſſing thought!
Then let us all unite to ſing
Praiſe to our loving God and King.
Hallelujah!

CXLIV. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

SEE the long-expected Saviour
Now a veil of fleſh aſſumes;
To deſtroy the pow'rs of darkneſs,
Lo! our dear Immanuel comes.
Hallelujah!
Hail the new-born Son of Man.

II.

The glad news of our ſalvation,
Angels to the ſhepherds bring;
Now we view the Father's glory
Shining in the infant King.
Hallelujah!
Hail, &c.

III.

Glory be to God, Jehovah,
Who hath lov'd our helpleſs race;

He alone is ever worthy
To receive our higheſt praiſe!
Who deſcended from his glory,
To that glory men to raiſe.
Hallelujah!
Hail, &c.

v.

We will worſhip and adore Him;
He our nature deign'd to wear:
Thankfully we'll come before Him,
Praiſe ſhall ſtill employ us here.
Hallelujah!
Hail the new-born Son of Mar

CXLV. *Death of Chriſt.* P. M

I.

FLOW faſt, my tears; the cauſe is
claims an injur'd

When death his terrors round me ſpread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Chriſt interpos'd, the wound He bore,
And bade the monſter dare no more.

II.

Faſt flow, my tears, yet faſter flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his ſide;
Keen pangs, and agonizing ſmart
Oppreſs his ſoul, and rend his heart;
While juſtice arm'd with pow'r divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.

III.

Faſt, and yet faſter flow, my tears,
Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes;
His viſage marr'd, tow'rds heav'n He rears,
And pleading for his murd'rer dies!
My grief, nor meaſure knows, nor end,
Till He appears, the ſinner's friend!
And gives me in an happy hour,
To feel the riſen Saviour's pow'r.

CXLVI. *The ſame.* L. M.

I.

YE that paſs by, behold the man,
The man of griefs condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Weeping to Calvary purſue.

II.

His ſacred limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With nails they faſten to the wood;
His ſacred limbs expos'd and bare,
Or cover'd only with his blood.

III.

See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His ſtreaming feet transfixt and torn,
The fountain guſhing from his ſide.

IV.

Oh! Thou dear ſuff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to ſinners move!
Help us to feel thy precious blood,
Help us to taſte thy dying love.

V.

The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while the Redeemer dy'd;
O let our inmoſt nature ſhake,
And die with Jeſus crucify'd!

VI.

At thy laſt gaſp the graves diſplay'd
Their horrors to the upper ſkies:
O that our ſouls may burſt the ſhade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, ariſe!

VII.

The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
And tremble, and aſunder part:
O rend with thy all-pow'rful breath
The harder marble of my heart!

CXLVII. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

"'TIS finiſh'd," the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head:
Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan,
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of the Lord,
Complete for helpleſs man.

II.

Finiſh'd the righteouſneſs of grace,
Finiſh'd the pain whence flows our peace:
Our mighty debt is paid.
Accuſing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In ſweet oblivion laid.

Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears
" Looſe him, and let him go

IV.

O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs fea
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall
" 'Tis finiſh'd" ſtill may anſwer
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

V.

His work divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But, ah! the praiſe that work de
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion of the whole be this;
Becauſe redemption finiſh'd is,
Our thanks ſhall never end

XLVIII. *Death and Reſurrection of Chriſt.* P. M.

I.

HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

II.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And ſhout Him welcome to the ſkies!

III.

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains:

Say, "live for ever wond'rous King;
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"Where's thy ſting
"And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?"

CXLIX. *Reſurrection of Chriſt.* P. M.

I.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to ſave,
Revives and riſes from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From ſin, and death, and hell ſet free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

II.

Children of God, look up and ſee
Your Saviour cloath'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, caſt off your fears,
In heav'n your manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

III.

His church is ſtill his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On thoſe he did redeem:

He taſtes their joys, he feels their woes,
And prays that they may ſpoil their foes,
And ever reign with him.

IV.

O may we all from ſin awake,
And all in heav'n our places take,
With our exalted Head!
To thoſe abodes may we aſpire
In thought, in will, in ſtrong deſire;
To ſinful pleaſures dead!

CL. *The ſame.* 7s.

I.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day!
Sons of men and angels ſay;
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
Hallelujah!

II.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.
Hallelujah!

III.

Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd paradiſe.
Hallelujah!

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave,
Where's thy victʼry, boaſting grave?
Hallelujah!

V.

Soar we now where Chriſt hath led,
Following our exalted Head,
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.
Hallelujah!

VI.

What, though once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parents fall,
Second life we do receive,
In our heavʼnly Adam live.
Hallelujah!

VII.

Hail the Lord of earth and heavʼn!
Praiſe to thee by both be givʼn;

Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the reſurrection—thou!
Hallelujah!

VIII.

King of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this——
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.
Hallelujah!

CLI. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

UPRISING from the darkſome tomb,
See the victorious Jeſus come!
Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the pris'n;
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels, tell the
Lord is ris'n.

II.

Ye guilty ſouls that groan and greive,
Hear the glad tidings, hear, and live;
God's righteous law is ſatisfied:
And juſtice now is on your ſide.
Juſtice, juſtice, &c.

III.

Your ſurety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ranſom of his blood:
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.

IV.

Believers, hail your riſing head,
The Firſt-begotten from the dead,
Your reſurrection's ſure, through His,
To endleſs life, and boundleſs bliſs.
Endleſs, endleſs, &c.

CLII. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

SEE Jeſus our Deliv'rer great,
Riſing, his vict'ry to complete;
In vain's the ſeal and ſtone!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty Conq'ror ſee,
Riſing, He leaves the tomb.

II.

Awhile he with his fav'rites ſtay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the ſtarry ſky:

The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant King,
And ſhout his victory.

III.

Mindful of all thy favours, now
In gratitude we proſtrate bow
Before thy loving face:
Give all, aſſembled in this hour,
To feel thy reſurrection's pow'r,
And ſing redeeming grace.

IV.

Clearly to ev'ry heart diſplay
The virtue of thy blood this day;
Each drooping heart inflame:
Refreſh'd we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderneſs below,
And ſpread thy glorious fame.

V.

Jeſus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call ſhall hear,
And round thy throne attend?
When ſhall we ſee Thee face to face,
And join above to ſing thy praiſe,
Eternity to ſpend?

Ravish'd from our wishful eyes.
Chriſt, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n:
There the pompous triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
"Take the King of glory in."

II.

Him, though higheſt heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own;
Still for us his death he pleads,
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race!

III.

Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;
See, thy faithful ſervants, ſee,

Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Foll'wing thee beyond the ſkies.

IV.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home:
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

CLIV. *Aſcenſion.* 7s.

I.

CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praiſe the God on whom ye call,
Lift your voice and ſhout his praiſe,
Triumph in his ſov'reign grace.

II.

Jeſus is gone up on high,
Takes his ſeat above the ſky;
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God!

VI.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
Triumph in his conqu'ring love,
Praiſes to our Jeſus ſing,
Praiſes to our glorious King!

V.

Pow'r is all to Jeſus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n
Jeſus, pow'r to us impart,
Then we'll praiſe with all our heart.

CLV. *The ſame.* L. M.

I.

OUR Lord is riſen from the dead
Our Jeſus is gone up on high
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky

" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
" Ye everlaſting doors give way!"

III.

Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold th'etherial ſcene;
He claims theſe manſions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in!

IV.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the conq'ror's name.

V.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the ſolemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
" Ye everlaſting doors give way!"

VI.

Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r poſſeſt,
The King of ſaints and angels too,
God over all for ever bleſt!

1. Once for favour'd [illegible]
Thouſand, thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

II.

Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

III.

Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n, and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate Him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

IV.

[illegible]

All his ſaints, by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of GOD appear!

V.

Anſwer thine own bride and Spirit,
Haſten, Lord, the general doom,
The new heav'n and earth t'inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

CLVII. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

HE comes! He comes! the Saviour dear,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks Him near:
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

II.

From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the Almighty Jeſus crown'd!

Glory ascends ...

III.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
Hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail Him their triumphant Lord!

IV.

Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns:
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

V.

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, great three in one!
... welcome, welcome,

CLVIII. *The ſame.* P. M.

I.

LO! he cometh! countleſs trumpets
Blow to raiſe the ſleeping dead:
Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See their great exalted Head.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome Son of God!

II.

Full of joyful expectation,
All behold the judge appear:
Truth and juſtice go before him,
Now the joyful ſentence hear.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome judge divine!

III.

"Come, ye bleſſed of my Father,
"Enter into life and joy;
"Baniſh all your fears and ſorrows,
"Endleſs praiſe be your employ."
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the ſkies!

IV.

Now at once they riſe to glory,
Jeſus brings them to the King;

There, with all the hoſt of heaven,
They eternal anthems ſing.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah;
Boundleſs glory to the Lamb!

CLIX. *Judgment.* P. M.

I.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful ſound,
Louder than a thouſand thunders,
Shakes the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons will the ſinner's hea
confound.

II.

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majeſty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then ſhall ſay, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day!
thine.

III.

At his call the dead awaken,
Riſe to life from earth and ſea;
All the pow'rs of nature ſhaken

By his look, prepare to flee:
Careleſs ſinner, what will then become of thee?

IV.

Satan, who now tries to pleaſe you,
Leſt you timely warning take,
In that awful day will ſeize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor ſinner, thy eternal all's at ſtake.

V.

But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd, and ſerv'd the Lord below;
He will ſay, "Come near ye bleſſed,
"See the kingdom I beſtow;
"You for ever ſhall my love and glory know."

CLX. *Give glory to God before the day of darkneſs cometh.* S. M.

I.

THE ſwift-declining day,
How faſt its moments fly!
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy ſhade
Gains on the weſtern ſky.

III.

His word blots out the ſun
In its meridian-blaze;
And cuts from ſmiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.

IV.

On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet ſhall quickly ſlide;
And from its airy ſummit daſh
Your momentary pride.

V.

Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling ſphere;
Submiſſive at his footſtool bow,
And ſeek ſalvation there.

VI.

Then ſhall new luſtre break
Through horror's darkeſt gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celeſtial home.

CLXI. *Compaſſion for Sinners.* L. M.

I.

ARISE, my tend'reſt thoughts, ariſe;
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils, which thou canſt not heal.

II.

See human nature ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on Jeſus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd; the ſoul undone.

III.

See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

IV.

My God, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the fire-brands from the flame.

V.

But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep, where moſt it loves:
Thy own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

I.

LORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear;
We view the deluge riſing round
With ſorrow, and with fear.

II.

Yet when its waves moſt fiercely beat,
And ſpread deſtruction wide,
Thy ſpirit can a ſtandard raiſe
To ſtem the roaring tide.

III.

May thy triumphant arm awake
Thy ſecret cauſe to plead;
And let the multitude confeſs,
That thou art God indeed.

IV.

Their hearts ſhall in a moment turn,
Like water, by thy hand;
One word ſhall bow their ſtubborn n
To own thy high command.

V.

[illegible] at leaſt ſupport,
[illegible]

CLXIII. *Improvement of time.* P. M.

I.

COME, let us a-new
Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill till our Maſter appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

II.

Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a ſtream,
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's near.

III.

O that each in the day
Of his coming may ſay,
"I have fought my way through,
"I have finiſh'd the work that thou gav'ſt me to do!"

CLXIV. *Backſliding and Repentance.* P. M.

I.

I LONG to be bleſt with the ſight
Of him, who does heaven impart;
Of him, who was once my delight,
The pleaſure and joy of my heart;
Whoſe mercy and love I refus'd,
And cauſed his anger to riſe;
Whoſe goodneſs I lately abus'd,
And dared the wrath of the ſkies.

II.

O why did I wander from thee,
Whom once I profeſſed to love?
I promis'd how faithful I'd be,
That from thee I never would rove;
But ſoon I forgot all my vows,
And all the diſplays of thy grace;

III.

How deeply diſtreſſing it is!
How great is my anguiſh and ſmart!
My folly has ſpoil'd me of bliſs,
Has cauſed my Lord to depart:
With ſhame I acknowledge my ſin,
Which caus'd thee to hide thy lov'd face;
Which grieved the witneſs within;
And tore from me pleaſure and peace.

IV.

To thee; whoſe compaſſion and love!
To ſinners is ever the ſame;
Whoſe bowels with ſympathy move;
Whoſe nature agrees with thy name;
Jehovah thou ſin-pard'ning God,
To thee I look up through thy ſon;
I plead his atonement by blood,
And hang on what Jeſus hath done.

V.

Dear Lord, to my ſorrowful heart,
Declare the remiſſion of ſin;
And to me thy ſpirit impart,
To dwell as the witneſs within:
My backſliding ſpirit reſtore,
And unto thy ſervant draw near;

Bring heaven again to my
One frown from thy face can deſtroy,
And leave me to darkneſs conſign'd:
Thy ſov'reign compaſſion diſplay,
In ſaving my ſoul by thy grace;
Then me to thy heaven convey,
Thy mercy and goodneſs to praiſe.

CLXV. *Godly ſorrow.* C. M.

I.

O FOR a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to ſhine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

II.

Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view

III.

hat peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
t now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.

IV.

turn, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt!
ıate the ſins that make me mourn,
That drove Thee from my breaſt.

V.

ıe deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
:lp me to bear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only Thee.

VI.

ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
ıd light divine mark out the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CLXVI. *Morning Hymn.* P. M.

I.

) ISE, my ſoul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praiſe,

Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

III.

O my Jeſus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
'Till I ſee
Thee in Salem's city.

IV.

Holy Ghoſt, divine Inſtructor,
Guide me ſtill;
Let thy will
Be my ſole conductor,

V.

Thou this night waſt my protector;
With me ſtay
All the day,
Ever my director.

VI.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good.

VII.

Glory, honour, thanks, and bleſſing,
One in three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

CLXVII. *Evening Hymn.* P. M.

I.

ERE I ſleep, for ev'ry favour
This day ſhew'd
By my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

II.

O my Lord, what ſhall I render
To thy name,
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender!

III.

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliſs,
Till Thou hence remove me.

IV.

Viſit me with thy ſalvation;
Let thy care

Safely keep,
While I ſleep,
Me with all thy power.

VI.

Save, O ſave me from the hidings
Of thy face;
Let thy grace
Cancel my backſlidings.

VII.

So, whene'er in death I ſlumber,
I ſhall riſe
With the wiſe,
Counted in their number.

VIII.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Let me know
Thee below,
Thee above inherit.

CLXVIII. *The Chriſtian's ſpring day.* C. M. D.

I.

MY Lord's rich goodneſs claims a ſong
Of gratitude and love;
O for an angel's nobler tongue,
And muſic us'd above;
To praiſe the God whoſe mercies crown
My moments as they roll,
And pours the heav'nly manna down,
Which ſatisfies my ſoul.

II.

When wearied with the cares of day
I give my eyes to ſleep;
From ev'ry rav'nous beaſt of prey
The Lord my ſoul doth keep;
And when Aurora's ſmiling beams
Spread light around the ſky
He wakes my pow'rs from pleaſing dreams,
And ſtill I find him nigh.

III.

I riſe, and to my glorious King
A hymn of honour raiſe;
He liſtens to the notes I ſing,
And deigns t'accept the praiſe;
On wings of love he flies to meet,
And bleſs me with his grace;

Beneath my shepherd's [illegible]
I take the morning air,
In which the vernal breezes sigh,
And balmy fragrance bear;
'Tis here my ardent soul doth rise
On contemplation's wings,
And longs to reach the upper skies,
While nature round me sings.

V.

O sacred solitude! I cry,
How far thy sweets exceed!
The noise to which the giddy fly,
The joys to which they speed!
While madness drives their steps along
And hurls them down the steep;
With solitude can I go wrong?
Or not advantage reap?

VI.

No, cries my blest transported mind,
Whilst glory fills its pow'rs:
[illegible] I find:

Ye antipaſts of heav'n!
Glory begun! and ye the ſeal
Of what ſhall ſoon be giv'n.

PAUSE.

VII.

If, when engag'd in mortal things,
This rapt'rous joy ſubſide;
Sweet peace within my boſom ſprings,
And with me doth abide;
Contented with my humble lot,
I envy not the great;
Happy with Jeſus in my cot,
As on a throne of ſtate.

VIII.

The morning found my ſaviour kind;
He ſmiling, bleſt the light;
Nor doth the ev'ning alter'd find
The God who rules the night:
'Tis thy unchanging love, my Lord,
That heightens all my bliſs;
That ſweetens all theſe worlds afford,
Or that where Jeſus is.

IX.

'Tis thus my days I ſweetly ſpend,
And thus my nights go on;
I wait for that appointed end,
Which ſhall my wiſhes crown;

CLXIX. *Evening hymn.* P. M.

I.

LORD of my life look kindly down,
And with an ev'ning viſit crown
The bleſſings of the day;
In mercy ſpeak unto my heart,
Thy holy ſpirit now impart,
And teach me how to pray.

II.

To thee I look, for thee I ſigh;
Without thy preſence Lord I die,
And ſink to riſe no more:
O let me ſee thy ſmiling face,
And feel the influence of thy grace,
And love thee, and adore.

III.

Lord, condeſcend with peace to bleſs
[illegible] and all my wants redreſs,

Among the ſpirits of the juſt,
My ſoul thy name ſhall praiſe.

CLXX. *For a national Faſt.* C. M.

I.

SEE, gracious God before thy throne
The mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

II.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r diſplay:
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

III.

Great God, and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "forbear."

IV.

What num'rous crimes increaſing riſe
Thro' this apoſtate iſle!
What land ſo favour'd of the ſkies,
And yet what land ſo vile!

VI.

O turn thou us, almighty Lord,
By thy all-conq'ring grace;
Then ſhall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

VII.

Then, ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We need not yield to fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

CLXXI. *Brotherly love.* 7s.

I.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyſelf the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever ceaſe.

II.

Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and ſpread thy banner here.

III.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

IV.

Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
For thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

V.

Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

CLXXII. *Chriſtian concord.* C. M.

I.

O Let thy love our hearts conſtrain;
Jeſus the crucify'd!
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain!
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

II.

Us into cloſeſt union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law;
Let love command our hearts.

III.

Who wou'd not now purſue the way,
Where Jeſu's footſteps ſhine;
Who would not own the pleaſing ſway
Of charity divine?

IV.

O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to ſay,
"See how theſe Chriſtians love!"

CLXXIII. *At the meeting of Chriſtian Friends.* 7s.

I.

BLEST by Jeſu's providence,
Lo! we meet again in peace:
May we, when remov'd from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place.

II.

When we once ſhall there arrive,
Ever happy we ſhall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
Midſt a hoſt of perfect men.

III.

There no evil ſhall intrude,
Grief ſhall there no more be known;
Waſh'd in our Redeemer's blood;
Rais'd to wear the heav'nly crown.

IV.

Come, dear brethren, joyful come,
Forward boldly let us preſs,
Humbly let our ſouls preſume,
Truſt in Jeſu's righteouſneſs.

V.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family complete,
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the houſe above ſhall meet,

VI.

Maſter, haſten on the day,
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'ling ſaints away,
Lord, we long to be at home!

That will not ...
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

II.

Join'd in one ſpirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

III.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide;
Nothing deſire, nor ought eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

IV.

Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulneſs to receive;
And grace to anſwer grace.

V.

But let us haſten to the day
... reſtore.

CLXXV. *Chriſtian Moderation.* S. M.

I.

LET party zeal no more
The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Chriſt their head.

II.

Among the ſaints on earth
Let mutual love be found:
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

III.

Let envy and ill will
Be baniſh'd far away:
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

IV.

Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

CLXXVI. *Praiſe for the Goſpel.* P. M.

I.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd through thy word!

II.

In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praiſe.

III.

The ancient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

IV.

The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad,
The language of mercy——ſalvation through blood

V.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel day.

VI.

The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worſhip Him glow.

VII.

This bleſſing is mine,
Through favour divine:
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

VIII.

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe!
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

CLXXVII. *Diſmiſſion.* P. M.

I.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Fill our heartswith joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love poſſeſſing
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refreſh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderneſs.

II.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy goſpel's joyful ſound:

May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

III.

So, whene'er the ſignal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
We ſhall ſurely
Reign with Chriſt in endleſs day.

CLXXVIII. *The dying Chriſtian to his ſoul.* P. M.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,

What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

CLXXIX. *Funeral of a Saint.* P. M.

I.

AH lovely appearance of death;
No ſight upon earth is ſo fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

II.

How bleſt is our brother bereft,
Of all that could burthen his mind,

No longer a ſinner like me.

III.

This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, and ſhaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

IV.

The languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
The quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

V.

Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The fountain can yield no ſupplies,
Theſe hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

CLXXX. *On the death of an eminent Saint.*
P. M.

I.

ON the everlaſting mountains,
Lo, the thirſty, longing ſoul
Drinks, where from a thouſand fountains,
Endleſs joys in rivers roll.

II.

Burſt the Captive from his priſon,
Glad to leave the realms of night;
Glorious now the Exile's riſen
To his home, his God, in light.

III.

" Chriſt, the ſtrength of heav'nly warriors!"
Shouts the victor ſpirit now;
" Arm'd by thee I've ſtorm'd the barriers!
" Conquer'd is the haughty foe!

V.

Hoſts celeſtial, ſee it granted!
Praiſe, in pealing anthems praiſe!
Chriſt the Lord gave all he wanted!
Raiſe, to Jeſus, anthems raiſe!

VI.

On the everlaſting mountains,
Lo! the ſav'd, th' enraptur'd ſoul
Sings, where from a thouſand fountains,
Endleſs joys in rivers roll.

FINIS.

INDEX.

A

A DEBTOR to mercy alone — Page 153
Abba, Father, hear thy child — 121
All hail the pow'rs of Jeſu's name — 3
Ariſe, my tend'reſt thoughts ariſe — 209
Awake, and ſing the ſong — 21
Ah lovely appearance of death — 233

B

Before Jehovah's awful throne — 22
Behold the prince of life — 158
Bleſſed are the ſons of God — 165
Bleſt by Jeſu's providence — 226
Bleſt be the dear uniting love — 228
Blow ye the trumpet, blow — 27
Brethren let us join to bleſs — 29

C

Chriſt the Lord is ris'n to-day — 193
Children of the heav'nly King — 169
Clap your hands ye people all — 199
Come, ye ſinners, poor and wretched — 36
Come, Holy Spirit, come — 41
Come, Holy Ghoſt, our hearts inſpire — 43
Come, Holy Ghoſt, my heart inſpire — 48
Come, my ſoul, thy ſuit prepare — 83
Come, thou long-expected Jeſus — 84
Come, my Father's family — 109
Come, thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing — 115

E

E'er I ſleep, for ev'ry favour
Encompaſs'd with clouds of diſtreſs
Eternal Spirit, ſource of light

F

Far from theſe narrow ſcenes of night
Father how wide thy glories ſhine
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt
Father, our hearts we lift
Flow faſt my tears; the cauſe is great

G

Gentle Jeſus, lovely Lamb
Glory be to God on high
God of my ſalvation, hear
God of mercy and compaſſion
God moves in a myſterious way
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine
Grace! 'tis a charming ſound
Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Ground, O ground me on the Lamb
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah

H

Hail, thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!

INDEX.

Hark! how the heav'ns with praiſes ring! Page 167
Hark! the herald-angels ſing — 181
He comes! he comes! the Saviour dear — 203
He dies! the friend of ſinners dies! — 191
High on his everlaſting throne — 124
Holy Ghoſt, inſpire our praiſes — 42
How ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds — 128
How happy the ſorrowful man — 178
Ho! ev'ry one that thirſts draw nigh — 30

I

I long for a concert of heavenly praiſe — 6
I long to behold him array'd — 172
I long to be bleſt with the ſight — 212
If Jeſus is ours, we have a true friend — 110
In Chriſt my treaſure's all contain'd — 105
Iſrael, thy tribute bring — 149

J

Jeſus, let thy pitying eye — 64
Jeſus, friend of ſinners hear — 65
Jeſu, lover of my ſoul — 66
Jeſu, thy blood and righteouſneſs — 101
Jeſus, my all, to heav'n is gone — 106
Jeſus, my Almighty Saviour — 146
Jeſus, all praiſe is due to thee — 183
Jeſus, who dy'd a world to ſave — 192
Jeſus, Lord, we look to thee — 224

L

Let earth and heav'n agree — 8
Let ev'ry tuneful accent riſe — 147
Let party-zeal no more — 229
Lift up your heads in joyful hope — 182
Light of the world, thy beams I bleſs — 108

Lord, and am I ?
Lord, thine image thou haſt lent me
Lord, I believe a reſt remains
Lord, when iniquities abound
Lord of my life look kindly down
Love divine, all loves excelling

M

Mark the ſoft-falling ſnow
My former hopes are dead
My God, the cov'nant of thy love
My Lord's rich goodneſs claims a ſong

N

Nay, I cannot let thee go
Now begin the heav'nly theme
Now prepare your hearts to ſing
Now may the Spirit's holy fire
Now gracious Lord, thine arm reveal
Now I have found the bleſſed ground
Now let a true ambition riſe
Now may he who from the dead

O

O'er the bleſt etherial plains
O what ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe
Oh what amazing words of grace

INDEX.

)u, whoſe tender mercy hears — Page 61
)rd, how faithleſs is my heart — 78
'd, my beſt deſires fulfil — 82
ıe, thou wounded Lamb of God — 118
're divine, how ſweet thou art — 137
)u God of my ſalvation — 156
a cloſer walk with God — 214
ıere is, above all others — 104
hepherd alone — 132
'od is above, men, devils and ſin — 134
ord is riſen from the dead — 200

P

the Lord, who reigns above — 2
ye the Lord, ye immortal choir — 9

R

e evermore, with angels above — 24
:e, the Lord is King — 140
:ous art thou O God, yet let me plead — 60
ny ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings — 142
ny ſoul adore thy Maker — 215

S

ır, canſt thou love a traitor? — 62
/here's thy hope? thou ſinner ſay — 79
e long-expected Saviour — 185
:ſus our Deliv'rer great — 196
racious God, before thy throne — 223
loyal nations hail the day — 13
I for fear of ſinful man — 127
's obey the goſpel-word — 51
f God, thy bleſſing grant — 97
e of light and pow'r divine — 44

Q

The God of Abram praiſe
The God, whoſe ſmiles we court
Thee, will I love, my ſtrength and tow'r
The Lord of Sabbath let us praiſe
The promiſe is my joy and ſong
The promiſes I ſing
The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare
The ſwift-declining day
There is a fountain fill'd with blood
This duty God requires
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
Thou God of glorious majeſty
Thou loving Jeſus, deareſt Lord
Thou hidden love of God, whoſe height
Thy bleſſing, gracious God afford
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my ſong
'Tis a point I long to know,
'Tis done! th' atoning work is done
'Tis in vain to ſeek for bliſs
'Tis falſe, thou vile accuſer, go
'Tis finiſh'd, the Redeemer ſaid

U

Unfathom'd wiſdom of our King!
Up to thy ſeat, eternal God
[illegible] from the darkſome tomb

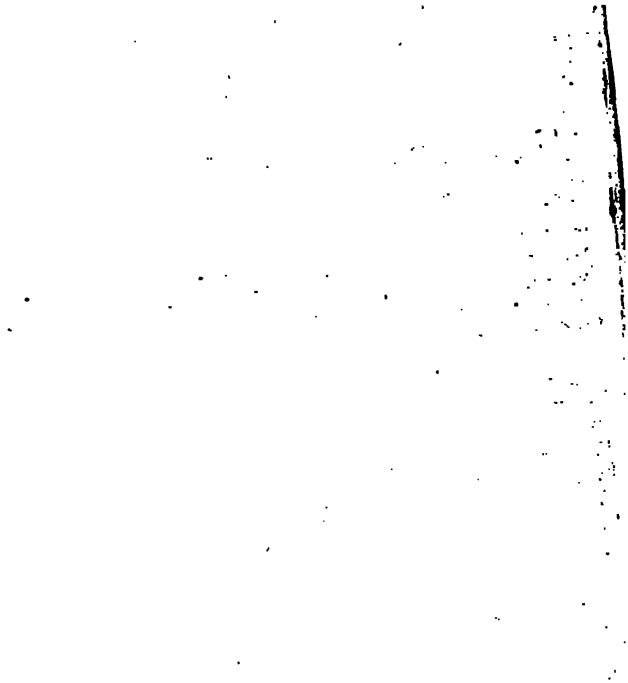
INDEX.

W

Weary ſouls, who wander wide — Page 49
What ſhall we render unto thee — 95
What though my frail eye-lids refuſe — 151
When with my mind devoutly preſt — 91
When darkneſs long has veil'd my mind — 107
When all thy mercies, O my God — 163
Where ſhall the tribes of Adam find — 19
With what delight I raiſe mine eyes — 17
World, adieu! thou real cheat — 93
Worthy the Lamb of boundleſs ſway — 12

Y

Ye ſervants of God, your Maſter proclaim — 1
Ye dying ſons of men — 31
Ye wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor — 37
Ye that paſs by, behold the man — 188



CONTENTS.

PRAISE	Hymn	1
Univerſal Praiſe		2
Coronation Hymn		3
Redeeming Love		4
Praiſe to the Almighty Saviour		5
Salvation in Chriſt		6
God praiſed by univerſal nature		7
God glorious, and ſinners ſaved		8
Jeſus adored		9
The coronation of Chriſt		10
Praiſe to the God of Abraham		11
Chriſt the Steward of God's family		12
God glorious, tremendous, and gracious		13
Chriſt only the eternal life		14
Invitation to praiſe		15
Pſalm 100, altered from Dr. Watts		16
Thankſgiving		17
Rejoicing in God		18
The Love of Chriſt adored		19
Glory to God in Chriſt		20
Chriſt the great Melchiſedec		21
The Jubilee		22
Praiſe to Chriſt		23
Invitation to Chriſt		24
Invitation		25
Redeeming Grace		26
Invitation to the Saviour		27
Goſpel Invitation		28

For a bleſſing on the Goſpel
For a bleſſing on Public Worſhip
To the bleſſed Spirit
Prayer for Aſſurance
For Succeſs upon the Word preached
Invitation to the weary
Come for all things are ready
The Succeſs of the Goſpel
Succeſs to the Goſpel deſired
Before Sermon
Prayer
Prayer for Serioufneſs
Terror from the Law, and Hope from the Goſpel
A Sinner's Prayer
Pleading with God for mercy
Diſtance from God
The Reſolution
Power of the Redeemer's looks
Holy reaſoning
In diſtreſs of Soul
Wreſtling Jacob
The broken Heart
The influences of the Spirit deſired
Waiting upon God
For a renewed heart

CONTENTS.

Looking to the Deliverer	Hymn	63
Spiritual anxiety		64
The Ranſom		65
Chriſt all in all		66
Submiſſion		67
Praying in faith		68
Come Lord Jeſus		69
Mercy		70
The pardoning God		71
Happineſs only in Chriſt		72
Meekneſs and humility		73
The Convert		74
Thanks for preſerving grace		75
Farewell to the world		76
The grateful language of faith		77
For ſpiritual ſtrength		78
Panting after God		79
Grace		80
The Lord our righteouſneſs		81
Safety in Chriſt		82
It is done		83
Chriſt the beſt friend		84
Chriſt the believer's all		85
Following Chriſt		86
Unchangeable love		87
Going without the camp, bearing the reproach of Chriſt		88
Unchanging grace		89
The fountain opened		90
Longing for an intereſt in Chriſt		91
Witneſſing the goodneſs of God		92
Ebenezer		93
Looking to Jeſus		94
God's amazing condeſcenſion		95
Rejoicing with ſorrow		96

The name of Jesus — 103
God is love — 104
Thankfulness for redeeming love — 105
The Atonement — 106
The good Fight — 107
Everlasting love — 108
Breathing after divine love — 109
Delight in the name of Jesus — 110
Praise for God's unspeakable gift — 111
The joy of faith in Christ's kingly office — 112
The heaven-born Soul rising to God — 113
True ambition — 114
Substantial bliss in the enjoyment of Christ — 115
"Visit me with thy salvation" — 116
The sacrifice of praise — 117
The song of Moses and the Lamb — 118
Protecting love — 119
Assurance — 120
God's covenant — 121
Light shining out of darkness — 122
Goodness in redemption admired — 123
Souls attracted by a crucified Saviour — 124
The Promises — 125
The same — 126
Seeking rest — 127

CONTENTS.

A thought of heaven	Hymn 131
Chriſtian travellers	132
Joy of heaven anticipated	133
The beatific viſion	134
For Chriſt's guidance	135
In darkneſs of ſoul	136
Affliction and diſtreſs of ſoul	137
Satan repulſed	138
The benefit of divine correction	139
Divine protection ſought	140
Birth of Chriſt	141
The ſame	142
The ſame	143
The ſame	144
Death of Chriſt	145
The ſame	146
The ſame	147
Death and reſurrection of Chriſt	148
Reſurrection of Chriſt	149
The ſame	150
The ſame	151
The ſame	152
Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt	153
Aſcenſion	154
The ſame	155
The ſecond Advent	156
The ſame	157
The ſame	158
Judgment	159
Give glory to God before the day of darkneſs cometh	160
Compaſſion for ſinners	161
Againſt following the multitude to evil	162
Improvement of time	163
Backſliding and repentance	164

For a national [illegible] — 17
Brotherly love — 17
Chriſtian concord — 17
At the meeting of chriſtian friends — 17
At parting — 17
Chriſtian moderation — 17
Praiſe for the Goſpel — 17
Diſmiſſion — 1
The dying Chriſtian to his ſoul — 1
Funeral of a ſaint — 1
On the death of an eminent ſaint — 1

121
129
131
133
136

231
248
250
262
274
290
294

373
381
457
519
529
575
576
583
588
592

750
752
754
755
757
759
762
763
766
769
770
771
772
780